



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07602700 6



1



1911

1912

WILBERFORCE EAMES
INDIAN COLLECTION

10/11/19
N P



CARL WERNER,

AN IMAGINATIVE STORY;

WITH OTHER

TALES OF IMAGINATION.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

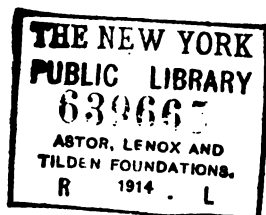
**"THE YEMASSEE," "GUY RIVERS,"
"MELLICHAMPE," &c.**

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

**NEW YORK:
GEORGE ADLARD, 46 BROADWAY.**

1838.



ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1838, by

W. GILMORE SIMMS,

in the Clerk's Office of the Southern District of New York. •

NEW YORK
CLERK
OFFICE

CRAIGHEAD & ALLEN; PRINTERS,
112 Fulton Street.

CONTENTS OF VOLUME II.

	PAGE
CONRADE WEICKHOFF,	3
LOGOOCHIE,	83
JOCASSEE,	131
THE CHEROKEE EMBASSAGE,	175

NOT WEN
ALLEN
VIA RAIL

CONRADE WEICKHOFF.

VOL. II.

1

CONRADE WEICKHOFF.

I.

It was the easiest thing in the world for Rodolph Steinmyer to become enamored of the fair Bertha, the only daughter of the Baron Staremberg. It was not so easy a matter to obtain the approval of the proud old baron. Rodolph was noble, of excellent family; but what is nobility without money? This was the question with the baron—the leading question in every reference which he made to the pretensions of Rodolph to his daughter's hand. Would nobility, merely, keep a castle, find retainers, man the walls against the enemy, or even—not to descend too hurriedly—furnish the table and provide the daily cheer? Manifestly, it could not; and so the noble lineage of Rodolph Steinmyer did not go far toward commending him in the sight of the sturdy father of his sweetheart. It

rather made against him ; as it called for that consideration in society, and rendered necessary those shows of place and pretension, which could never be expected of one not of high birth ; and which, in the event of Rodolph becoming his son-in-law, would only have the effect of adding an encumbrance of great amount to his own already encumbered establishment. The baron was quite as poor as he was proud ; and this probably was, in all respects, a very proper consideration. It was necessary that Bertha should re-establish the old house. The castle wanted repairs ; and Bertha's eyes were looked to, whenever it became a question how money should be raised for the purpose. The castle wanted furniture ; and Bertha's lips, it was thought, might do much toward fitting it up. Bertha's beauties, in short, were the only treasures to which the old baron could possibly refer, whenever he contemplated any of the many difficult, but absolutely necessary, expenditures of his household. To throw them away upon a beggar — to give Bertha to Rodolph, was, therefore, a matter entirely out of the question. It is true, the baron knew well enough how fondly the two loved each other ; but what of that ? Is the love of a young girl to be considered, even for a moment, in oppo-

sition to the cupidity or caprice of her relations? It would be exceedingly foolish to suppose so.

II.

Bertha thought otherwise. She loved Rodolph very much; quite as much, indeed, as he loved her. They seemed formed entirely for each other; and never were two young, thoughtless hearts, so mutually devoted. Day after day did their eyes meet, and their thoughts mingle; and day after day increased their mutual dependence with their passion. It is true, Rodolph was poor, but Bertha never thought of that. His garments were none of the best, but they were worn by Rodolph. His castle was old, unfurnished, untenanted, and he had no cattle. But then, she never felt any wants when with Rodolph, and she never thought of any want but himself, when he was absent. It was well for her, perhaps, that she had a papa who was more thoughtful. The baron's consideration amply atoned for the daughter's thoughtlessness. If she thought only of Rodolph—he thought nothing of Rodolph. If she thought nothing of the possessions of her lover—the old baron consi-

dered nothing else. Between the two, therefore, the subject, on all sides, was amply investigated.

III.

It was not the good fortune of Bertha to know any thing of her father's concern in this matter, until long after he had gravely considered it. But one day there came a new wooer to the castle of Staremberg. This was a bachelor baron, whom Bertha had never seen before, and who dwelt in a noble palace at some little distance. She, poor girl, never dreamed of the object of his visit ; but Rodolph was a little more suspicious. He no sooner heard of it than he set off, post haste, for Staremberg castle. He came in a desperate hurry, determined to put his *affaire du cœur* to a final issue. His manner indicated no little excitement. He thrust aside, one after another, the sluggish retainers, in a most unaccustomed and most unbecoming manner ; and even the bachelor baron, himself, Baron Brickelewacksikow, — whose name the reader will please remember in future, without requiring us to write it — happening to stand bolt upright in the very passage through which the youth was pushing his headlong way, was tumbled

incontinently against the wall, much to the detriment of his knees and shoulders, and the discomfiture of his spirit. Rodolph was evidently in a hurry.

IV.

In the presence of the Baron and Baroness Staremberg, Bertha very judiciously being absent, the youthful Rodolph found himself much sooner than he expected. He certainly felt, as he looked upon their distinct faces, that he need not have been in such an exceeding hurry. The old baron looked quite as grim as the Saracen that his grandfather slew in the fifth crusade, the reeking head of whom was painted in gigantic lines upon the trembling tapestry before them; the baroness, if possible, more outrageously grim, and not a whit less unhandsome than her liege lord, sat like a stone fortress of exceeding strength and dimensions, upright in his way. She looked impenetrable as a dozen dungeons. Rodolph was no longer in a hurry. He really began to wonder what he had come for; he certainly had not the gift of languages at that moment, and would — if he had known any thing about that burning and

shining light, at this early period — have given the world for only half an hour's preliminary conversation with the Reverend Edward Irving.

V.

The conference was sooner ended than began. It was a desperate necessity ; and, with a violent effort, Rodolph contrived to find his parts of speech, though he still stammered and stuttered most annoyingly. But when he had said his say, and the obtuse senses of his two arbiters had at length appreciated his object, there was a joint burst of astonishment, almost amounting to horror, from their several lips, at the atrocious insolence of his demand :

“What ! do you, Rodolph Steinmyer, dare to ask of me in marriage the hand of lady Bertha of Staremborg ?” exclaimed the baron.

“*My* daughter !” shrieked the baroness, in a fit of holy horror.

“Presumption !” exclaimed the baron.

“Blasphemy !” groaned the baroness. And they looked to one another, and they looked to the confounded youth, and they looked to the heavens and to the earth, and then they turned

simultaneously again upon the pleader, and demanded to know if they had heard him rightly. They were willing to believe that they might have misunderstood him.

VI.

But the youth had plucked up courage during the brief and sudden progress of their indignation. With an air of greater resolution than before, he repeated his demand; and was just about to give sundry good reasons why he should be considered the properest person in the world to take charge of a maiden so young and interesting as Bertha of Staremberg, when the baron, with more coolness and composure—perhaps, too, with something more of condescension in his manner—proceeded to interrupt him :

“Say no more, Rodolph; say no more. You are a good youth, and I knew your father. He was my most intimate friend, and I loved him very much—very much, Rodolph. I love you too, Rodolph; you are a good youth, but you cannot have Bertha.”

“No; you cannot have *my* daughter,” cried the old lady.

"No; you cannot have our daughter," said the baron.

"I am shocked," said the baroness, "that you ever thought that you could have *my* daughter."

"It is, indeed, very surprising, Rodolph, that you should have fallen into such an error," said the baron; "but now that I have explained it, I trust that you will give up such a foolish, such an extravagant idea."

"Such an audacious—such an impious idea—*my* daughter!" exclaimed Lady Staremberg, with an echo to her husband like that of Killarney.

"Never!" exclaimed the youth, with a voice of thunder. "Never! Give up Bertha? Better tell me to give up life."

"Ay, and that might be advisable, when there's no money. Life, without money, is but a baggage wagon, on a long march, without stores or provisions," very coolly responded the baron; "Bertha you can never have, unless your castle is manned, and repaired, and furnished, and you can show me wealth like that of baron—the baron with the big name—to whom, if he is pleased to accept her, I propose to give her hand. Produce proofs of wealth like his, Rodolph, and, as I loved your father and love you, I shall give you a decided preference."

The youth, muttering curses, hurried away in despair, bent upon carrying up his appeal to a gentler, if not a higher court.

VII.

Rodolph flew instantly to Bertha, with a degree of impatience that might have seemed less than respectful, but that it was duly mixed up with a sufficient share of tenderness; he unfolded his cause of difficulty, related his love at length, recounted the scene with her parents, and resolutely declared that he neither would nor could live without her. The poor girl was sufficiently overwhelmed with the novel character of her situation. She had never deliberated much upon the condition of her heart, which, like a gipsey's child, had been allowed all along to do just what it pleased; and the sudden and unaccustomed contraction of all its liberties, just now threatened it, had an effect not less paralyzing on her than it was maddening to him. She knew not how to consider her affliction, or in which way to turn first. It was now, for the first time, that Rodolph had declared himself; the words were strangely new to her ears, but somehow they came naturally enough, and as

a thing of course, to her heart. That heart fully responded to them; and, certainly, she loved the youth quite as much as it was possible for her, and proper for a young maiden of seventeen, to love. The strength of her attachment to the youth became fully evident to herself, when she understood the intention of her parents to give her to the baron with a long name. She confessed how much she loved him; shed a world of tears; showed by look, word, and action, that she was miserable at the thought of marrying another; and when the youth, flattered with these manifestations, was bold enough to propose that she should avail herself of the present opportunity to change the air of her father's castle for that of his own, which he assured her was far more likely to be beneficial to her health, to his great surprise, she flatly refused him. Bertha was a good child; and the holy law which teaches us to love father and mother, in order that our days may be long in the land, was not less a feeling and an instinct in her heart, than a principle in her mind. Her soul was too pure, too secure in its natural whiteness, to permit even love to obtain a triumph over its sense of duty.

VIII.

Rodolph was in despair. Never was lover more eloquent and impassioned.

“And you will not, Bertha?”

“I dare not, Rodolph.”

“What! you will consent to this sacrifice. You will let them bind you to that old dotard, whom you hate. You will let them tear you from the arms of the man you profess to love—”

“Whom I do love, Rodolph,” was the gentle chiding.

“Oh! Bertha, how can you consent to this? How can you submit to be made a thing of barter; of a mercenary love of wealth? Think, my beloved, of the long years before us both—years of bliss or years of blight, simply as you shall decree at this moment. Can you hesitate if you love? Can you hesitate if you think? It cannot be very long before father and mother will both depart; and then,—dear Bertha,—where then will be your consolation? Nowhere, but in the bosom of a kindred love. You cannot hesitate. You owe it to me, to yourself, to all; to your promises and pledges of the past; to your hopes of the future;

to love, to truth ; for how can you promise love to him, having a love for me ? how can he believe it, even should you falsely declare it ? It is a higher duty which you owe to heaven—infinity beyond that due to your parents—to speak the truth always, and more particularly where the affections, our most valuable wealth, are so deeply interested. Say to me, then, that you will be mine. Fly with me now. In another hour the opportunity may be lost, and never return to us again. In another hour, dearest Bertha, tyranny, which is the foe to love, may sacrifice us both on the altar of worldly interest. We shall be torn apart, and separated for ever.”

Rodolph was eloquent, but the maiden was most firm. To the young mind, taught properly, there is no consideration so revolting as the disobedience of a child ; and it must have been the worst of all parental oppression, that of actual violence, which could have made Bertha of Staremburg take any step in opposition to the will of her father. She sighed and sorrowed unaffectedly ; repeated her vows of love to Rodolph, and promised him eternal faith ; but the youth was not to be satisfied after this fashion. He renewed his solicitations ; and it was only when he had exhausted all his arguments, entreaties, and breath toge-

ther, that he tore himself away from her restraining arms, and rushing forth from the castle of Staremburg in a fit of despair, hastened furiously to a neighboring wood, in a paroxysm which seemed to promise the most desperate results.

IX.

Rodolph sought the wood of the Black Forest in no enviable temper. He buried himself in its deepest recesses ; for his thoughts were dark like its own glooms, and horrible, like the numerous spectral images by which tradition had tenanted them. He was of a quick and irritable disposition ; and he had not been sufficiently tempered by the vicissitudes of life to bear meekly and quietly with any contradiction. The opposition of Bertha's parents was bad enough ; but he had never anticipated any from herself. That she should refuse at first was to be expected ; but that she should continue to deny to the last, was no less unreasonable than unmaidenlike ; and with half a resolution to do what he was about to do, in her despite, as well as in his own despair, he drew the long keen hunter's knife from his girdle, elevated its blade sufficiently in air to make the

descending blow fatal, and in another instant it would have found its sheath in his heart, when, just in the nick of time, his arm was arrested by a grasp from behind. He turned fiercely upon the unwelcome intruder, and shrank back in horror from the glance that met his own. Whom did he see? What did he see? Was it real, or was it only the spectre of his old comrade, the gallant Conrade Weickhoff, who was reported to have perished at sea full three years before?

"Conrâde Weickhöff!" exclaimed the youth, half in horror, half in inquiry.

"Rodolph Steinmyer," was the response of the stranger, who smiled in the most natural manner in the world as he pronounced the name.

"Are you my friend Conrade?" demanded Rodolph.

"More like, than you are to Rodolph Steinmyer," was the reply.

"And living?"

"Did you not feel my grasp? Was it so light that you have need to ask the question?"

"Whence came you, Conrade? Where have you been? They said that you were drowned at sea; and they have mourned for you as one no longer of earth."

A wild laugh, and a bright sarcastic twinkle of

the eye, were the only answer which, for the moment, the new comer gave to the rapid inquiries of the youth. He seemed to chuckle pleasantly at the idea of being a dead man; and there was something exceedingly irreverent — so Rodolph thought — in the manner of his ancient comrade, while dwelling upon this topic. But Conrade was always a wild fellow, whom nobody could manage, and who was reported, indeed, to have given himself over to studies and practices of diabolism. So general was the opinion among his friends, that when the news came of his death by sea, the remark was frequent among them, that the devil had reason to congratulate himself upon the acquisition of a new companion, so much after the fashion of his own heart.

X.

The first surprise being over, and Rodolph being now satisfied that it was Conrade himself — a person of very substantial flesh and blood, and no ghost — that stood before him, the conversation naturally turned upon the desperate act which Rodolph had been about to commit, when his friend so opportunely interrupted him.

“What could have persuaded you to this, Rodolph? what motive for this rashness?” was the demand of Conrade.

The youth told his story, and Conrade chuckled so heartily that the lover grew indignant.

“Why, what the d—l do you find in it to laugh at?” he demanded fiercely.

“Be not rash,” said the other; “and, I pray you, take not your neighbor’s name in vain. The devil may be much nearer to you than you imagine. If I laugh, I mean no offence, you may be sure. I only laugh at the folly of love, which so beguiles and misleads men of otherwise very excellent understanding. Did you hope to get the girl by cutting your throat?”

“Not to get her, surely; but to live without her would be worse than death.”

“Perhaps so; but I think not. Life is comfortable, always provided you have enough of it; and that a man may always have, if he will look for it where it may be found. But what do you intend now to do? I have kept you from death once; when I turn my back, you will whip out your cold steel again, and try the thing over, and it may be, another time I shall come a moment or two too late.”

“Perhaps,” said Rodolph, with some phlegm.



"Perhaps is no answer to a friend," said the other, taking his hand affectionately. "Be more like yourself; let old times begin again. Let us once more be true friends to each other; for, believe me, Rodolph, though time has been between us, and we have been so long separated, I feel toward you as ever."

Rodolph could not reply, but he returned the gentle squeeze of his friend's hand, and the tears filled his eyes.

"You weep, Rodolph, and I am answered," said the other. "I see you have the same heart as of old. I, too, have been left unchanged in all my trials. We are again friends."

They embraced affectionately, and after a little interval given up to the renewal of former pledges, after the picturesque and sentimental manner common, even at that early period, among the German youth, they again began to discourse about the purposed deed of Rodolph, and the causes which had led to it. A few moments were passed by Conrade in silence; then, abruptly speaking, he demanded:

"And you are required to man your castle, refit and repair it, and altogether exhibit resources such as the baron with a long name?"

The youth sighed forth a melancholy affirmative.

"You shall do it," said the other.

Rodolph looked up angrily, as if he had been laughed at.

"You shall do it."

"How?"

"I will help you to fortune."

"You?"

"Yes—I—Conrade Weickhoff. It shall be the first proof which I will give you that my friendship for you is the same that it ever was. I am able to do what I promise. I am able to give you the means to go forth as proudly as your baron with a long name, and to exhibit wealth even more extensive. We shall satisfy Bertha's parents, and you shall have the maiden without delay."

Rodolph looked on his friend in silent wonderment. He thought him dreaming. He knew that Conrade's family had been quite as destitute as his own. Where could he have got his new ability to do what he promised. He must surely be mad, thought Rodolph; but when he looked at Conrade, never did face seem more confident and earnest. The expression of his countenance was conclusive.

"Speak out," said Rodolph, impetuously; "tell

me all; explain to me the sources of your ability, and torture me no longer with a hope so extravagant as to seem desperate and foolish. Let me hear upon what you build, that I may know whether it be worth while to live for it or not."

"It is always worth one's while to live, so long as there are maidens like Bertha Staremberg to live with. I know the maiden; she is a heaven in herself; and were it not, dear Rodolph, for my friendship, I should certainly seek her love on my own account."

"Ha!" said Rodolph, furiously.

But the other checked him in his paroxysm.

"Fear nothing, I am not your rival. I will help you to Bertha; the means are even now in your own power, and I will disclose them to you. But come apart with me to some pleasant place, where we may sit while talking. There is, or should be, an old abbey in this neighborhood, where I have often rambled. The grave stone of an armed knight shall yield us a pleasant seat, and then we can talk more freely. I hate fatigue; and standing up when one can sit, is like submitting to bondage when one can fly. The sense of restraint is, of all others, the most hateful to me; and, when I can help, I will have none of it. Come."

XI.

They went to a spot more secluded in the forest, and there they found an old abbey church, which Rodolph did not remember ever to have seen before. With every spot of it, however, his companion seemed familiar ; he talked of this family burial place and of that, and began to give a long history of the knight whose crossed legs in marble they were then sitting upon, and he might have gone into details of a thousand years — for he betrayed a strange familiarity with past events — had not Rodolph, with a more selfish object, hurriedly interrupted him. Conrade laughed heartily at the impatience of his companion, and his pale features were full of a pleasantly satirical expression, and his eyes danced with a wild, strange glare, as he looked quizzingly upon the feverish restlessness of the lover ; but he saw that it would not do to tax the youth's temper too far, and so he proceeded quietly to his purposed explanation.

“ You have heard of the late Count Oberfeldt of Manfrein ? ” he demanded.

“ The *late* Count Oberfeldt ? What ! is he dead ? ” responded Rodolph.

"Died last night," was the reply.

"Why, he was quite well—I saw him on the edge of the forest, riding with a stranger, only two days ago. He must have died suddenly."

"Quite—as suddenly as a sharp knife, such as that you were about to use an hour ago, could carry him off, hurriedly applied to the carotid."

"Murdered?"

"No; he committed suicide."

"Is it possible? He was always a bad man!" remarked Rodolph, quite thoughtlessly and innocently.

"Ahem!" responded the other. "Bad or good, I say not. He was a wild, irregular, strange sort of person, whose pleasures and pursuits differed materially from those of the rest of the world. It is not for us to say whether he was right or wrong in their adoption. His accountability is not to us, and so far the subject is foreign to our discourse. You knew him, Rodolph?"

The question was answered affirmatively.

"You know that his wealth was great?"

"Yes."

"A dozen different castles—fine domains every where—well provided; retainers in abundance; good wines and wealth in profusion. These were his, and, strange to say, though living a profli-

gate life, he died having them all in his possession."

"Stranger still," remarked Rodolph, "that, having them in possession, he should voluntarily have given them up."

"Perhaps not. Satiety is a worse death than the knife. It is the death of that necessary provocative, without which life must always stagnate. Wise men pray that they should never have all their desires satisfied. Oberfeldt was not a wise man. His desires were narrowed to his animal propensities, and he was unfortunate enough to grasp and gain all that he desired. They tired him out in the end, and grew into a fatigue, so he cut the carotid, and got rid of them."

"The d—l has him!" said Rodolph, coolly.

"That's none of our business," said the other, warmly; "and let me advise you, that to speak of persons with whom our own acquaintance is imperfect, is not always to do them justice. You may discover that truth for yourself in time; for the present, let us talk of your own affairs, and then of Oberfeldt's, so far as they may concern you."

"But how can the affairs of Oberfeldt concern me? I see not that," said Rodolph, impatiently.

"But you shall see, when you have heard. The

great wealth of Oberfeldt is to be divided, and you are, if you desire it, one of his legatees."

"If I desire it!" exclaimed Rodolph, hastily; "speak out, my friend. Wealth to me is every thing at this moment; and though I see not why Oberfeldt should have left me any of his, I am not unwilling to avail myself of his bequest. I should not reject one from the d—I himself."

"You are only too accommodating," said the other, gravely. "But hear. You are one of his heirs, if you desire it. He was a singular creature, and has made a singular disposition of his property. He has left it subject to division, among any dozen men who will pledge themselves to follow his example —"

"What! cut their throats?"

"Even so; but after a peculiar plan. He does not desire them to cut their throats on the instant, or together. He requires only one amateur at a time. Once a year, the anniversary of his own suicide, is to be celebrated by a selection from among his followers — his college, as he calls them — and the martyr is to be chosen by lot."

"Monstrous idea!" said Rodolph.

"Very!" responded the other.

"And what then?" said Rodolph.

"Why, only this," was the reply; "I have de-

terminated to avail myself of all the advantages of Oberfeldt's will. I will become one of his devisees. I will get one of his fine castles. I will get his manors and retainers, his stock and his treasure. I will take all that the bequest bestows. I am fond of money, for its power and its purposes. I have none of my own. It matters not to me whether I die by my own hand, the hand of my enemy, or the worst of all hands, that of starvation. Life is not life, unless for what it yields us. I do not deprive myself of life, if I lose nothing when I perish; and at present I have nothing to lose. I go to-night, with others, to Manfrien castle. I swear to the performance of all the conditions exacted by the will; I jump into my new possessions, and hasten to their enjoyment. I will begin to live from that hour; heretofore I have not lived—it is high time that I should. I counsel you to do likewise. Go with me to-night; swear with me to the conditions; avail yourself of the wealth they give you, and be happy while you may."

"Great heaven!" exclaimed the other: "How can you advise me thus, Conrade? how can you determine thus yourself? What! pledge myself to commit suicide?"

"What were you but just now about to do," demanded the other, with a sneer, "when I came

up so happily, and held back your hand? Is the present plan worse? Is it not better; far better, in all respects? You get something now for the commission of the act, when, before, you could have derived no advantage from it. You get the very wealth you wanted; you get the woman you love, who else would be lost to you for ever. Can you hesitate?"

Rodolph bent down his head. It sank on his bosom despondingly. The thick drops of perspiration stood upon his brow, for a great mental strife was going on within.

"Think," said the tempter, "think what you will gain — wealth, Bertha. Think what you will lose — Bertha, wealth — all that would be worth living for."

Rodolph was silent; the other continued:

"And she will be the victim, not less than yourself; the old baron with the long name will bear her off in triumph. She will be immured in his castle; her arms will enfold him in their embraces; his coarse lips will riot upon the sweet innocence of hers; he —"

"No more — no more," exclaimed the desperate youth, tossing his hands toward heaven; "I will go with you to-night; I will swear to the conditions. Bertha shall be mine, and mine only."

I cannot live without her ; I cannot bear that she should be the bride of another."

XII.

That night the ceremonial was an awful one in the great hall of Oberfeldt's castle. The body of the suicide lay in state in the centre of the apartment, which was illuminated with an intense glare, shooting out from strangely large torches, borne up by sable figures standing in its many niches and embrasures. The corpse presented a sight horrid from its wounds, and hellish from its expression. The head had been nearly severed from the shoulders, by the desperate stroke which the deceased had given himself. The eyes were unclosed ; the lids seemed to have been drawn in under the brows, and the whites gleamed out with a meteoric lustre, through the filmy humidity with which death had wrapped them. The testamentary document lay upon the breast of the deceased. His hand, still grasping the fatal knife, with all the bloody traces of the deed yet upon it, rested upon the paper. Around him stood the persons who were prepared to avail themselves of the dreadful advantages of the will before them. Their

number was completed upon the entrance of Rodolph and his friend. The lover looked upon the scene with horror ; but he had nerved himself to the deed. He gazed vacantly upon his associates ; and his passing scrutiny did not serve to reconcile him in any great degree to the step which he was about to take. With the exception of his friend Weickhoff, he saw none among the assembled college before him who had any claim to gentility. They were either debauchees, or gamblers, spendthrifts, and wretches who fasten themselves as a disease upon society, and contribute to the corruption of that body upon which they are engrafted. But he had no time for reflection. Weickhoff led the way, and by his audacity evidently controlled the rest. He drew the document from the grasp of the suicide, and without the pause of a second, dashed down his signature in bloody characters at the foot of the conditional pledge which followed the testament, and to which its reference was special, and done after the most approved legal requisitions of those ages. The example was soon followed by the rest ; and signature after signature appeared upon the fatal sheet, until Rodolph was the only one left who had yet to sign. He lingered, and a light touch of a finger pressed upon his wrist. It went like

a cold wind into the artery beneath. He looked up in a tremor, and his eyes met those of Weickhoff. What a glance did they encounter ! So bright, so cold ; so ironical, yet so conciliating ; such a sneer, yet such a smile. There was a mad prompter in the heart of the youth at that moment, and he rushed forward to the body of the dead man ; he clutched the pen in his fingers, and began writing the letters of his name after the rest. As he wrote, to his great horror and surprise, the same letters, as he severally wrote them, appeared one after the other in a blank space in the body of the instrument above. A sickness seized upon his heart ; but he desperately proceeded. The deed was done — the name written — the contract was completed ; and, in the next moment, he felt himself clasped in the arms of Weickhoff.

“ Now, indeed, Rodolph, my friend, you are mine,” was the exclamation of his comrade. What a strength seemed in the nerves of Weickhoff ! The embrace nearly stifled him ; and yet Weickhoff was slender in the extreme ; pale, even to wanness ; and with a general air of feebleness, which looked rather like disease than strength or life. Had Rodolph been asked the question before, he would have unhesitatingly said that his own were infinitely greater than the physical pow-

ers of Weickhoff; yet now he seemed but an infant in his grasp. But Weickhoff had been a traveller, and Rodolph naturally enough concluded that he had acquired hardihood by trial and adventure.

XIII.

Revelry of all sorts, indulgences the most wild, excesses the most licentious, followed the conclusion of the dreadful ceremonial in the castle of Oberfeldt. A luxurious banquet was prepared, and every temptation of gross and festering debauch, common to that era, was provided and partaken of by that melancholy circle of uncongenial confederates. The terms of the will were read to them by Conrade, who took a leading part in their festivities. But, though of appalling and curious nature, there was but one of all the college that heeded its conditions. That was Rodolph. He listened in a vague sort of consciousness. His feelings and thoughts were too various and crowded to suffer him to think correctly; and the emotions with which he felt himself seized, were rather those of a young, unsophisticated heart, finding itself, for the first time, in a novel and

strange situation, than of a thinking mind engaged in analyzing it. Conrade discovered this, and plied all his arts, which were neither mean nor few, in order to dissipate the lover's melancholy. He succeeded in part. He dwelt with ridicule upon the passages of the will which seemed most to have impressed the youth; then adroitly painting the happiness which must follow the possession of the fortune, in giving Bertha to his arms, he had the satisfaction to discover that, by degrees, the moody apprehensions of the youth wore rapidly away. But still Rodolph could not relish the associates around him, and with whom he found himself, by his own act, associated in so strange a brotherhood. Men he would have been ashamed to know before, he now found himself connected with in life and death. That death, too, now that he was in the possession of the means of life, seemed to have acquired terrors which it had not some few hours ago. He had never asked himself the difference of situation and mind between the desperately hopeless man, and him to whom the world is full of hope and promise. He was yet to learn this difference. The glosing lips of the tempter had persuaded him too readily to believe that suicide at one moment and at another was the same thing to the same person, and he had

admitted too readily a proposition so false, as one entirely true. There are times when it is not difficult to part with life — alas ! how often is it the case that we would rather give up heaven itself than lose it !

XIV.

At a late hour the college separated. The sitting was broken up, and the several members prepared to retire to the spoils and possessions which the will of Oberfeldt had assigned them. The dangers and conditions of that will ; the pledges of terror which they had made — filled as they were with wine and frolic, and gloating on the vast wealth placed within their enjoyment — gave them but little concern. Their next celebration was required to be held at the same place, on the same night of the ensuing year. A year was secured to them of licentious and unrestrained enjoyment ; and to most of them a new world of happiness was opened upon them by this heretofore unknown privilege. They gave themselves but little concern about the one of their number who must be chosen for the next year's sacrifice. It was enough that they had a bond of fate for that period of time.

Reckless in their lives before, they were not less so in reference to the hour of their death. They could lose but little, as life had never fairly been possessed by any among them.

The thoughts of Rodolph troubled him more greatly on this subject ; but the presence of Conrade, who clung to his friend, and employed his mind and fancy by a continual reference to Bertha Staremborg, served to keep them down and to restrain them. They did not separate as did the rest.

“I will attend you,” said Conrade ; “you must instantly seek Bertha, or you may be too late. Your baron with the long name may be in a hurry, and Staremborg has shown you that he does not hold you of sufficient importance, though he loved your father so very much, to wait any very long time for his son. Your retainers, I see, are ready ; and Oberfeldt, like a hospitable man, has provided handsomely for his friends. These dresses are very rich. Follow my example.”

In an instant Conrade Weickhoff arrayed himself in a splendid suit, that lay on the table before him, which was covered with the richest dresses of every pattern and size. Without pause for reflection, Rodolph did the same, and they were soon equipped. In the court below fine horses were

caparisoned ; and Weickhoff did not scruple to single out a noble barb for himself, while designating another for his friend. They were soon mounted, and the morning sun found them scouring over the space which separated the two castles of Oberfeldt and Staremborg.

XV.

You should have seen Rodolph Steinmyer and his friend Conrade Weickhoff, on their fine black chargers, come prancing into the courtyard of Staremborg. You should have seen the consternation of all the spectators. The baron with the long name stood aghast ; but a moment before he had been certain of his prey, of which he now felt exceedingly doubtful. Staremborg looked wild, but not dissatisfied ; while his lady, dazzled by the gaudy trappings of the horses and their riders, could only lift up her skinny hands, and exclaim :

“ My eyes ! my eyes ! ”

To make a long story short, the presence of Rodolph became very agreeable to the father and mother, no less than to the daughter. They were delighted with him, and his horses, and his friends, and his retainers, and every thing that was his.

There were now no objections to his suit. The baron always had loved Rodolph as he had loved his father. It was only a strange obliquity of understanding on the youth's part that kept him from making the discovery. The old lady had all along desired that Rodolph should be the choice of her daughter; it was only a proper feeling of maternal pride that had prompted her to say the contrary. It was strange how naturally and well all old difficulties were smoothed and explained away; and Rodolph, good youth! only wondered at his own dullness, at not having seen things in their proper light before.

"My son," exclaimed the dear old baroness, in a fit of enthusiastic fondness, "the desire of my heart is now realized; I can go down to the grave in peace, since *you* are to be the husband of *my* daughter."

Conrade Weickhoff chuckled irreverently and loud. The baron with the long name expostulated; but Staremborg told him bluntly that he had never loved his father as he had loved the father of Rodolph; a speech which the bachelor knight took in high dudgeon, but without receiving any redress for it. That night a wild, practical joke which Conrade Weickhoff played off upon him, sent him away half dead with affright,

half naked, and at midnight. The wooing went on smoothly after this; no difficulties stood in the way, all parties were satisfied, and the marriage followed as soon as circumstances would permit. In the arms of the lovely Bertha, Rodolph almost forgot the dreadful ceremonial which he had witnessed, and of which he had partaken, at the castle of Oberfeldt.

XVI.

But he was not allowed to forget so readily. His friend Conrade Weickhoff, like a true friend, kept him in memory of his honorable engagements. During the honeymoon, however, Conrade most strangely kept aloof from the dwelling of the lovers; and, for that brief period, it may safely be affirmed that never was dwelling more favored by the sunshine of happiness. The two, thus united, seemed only to live for one another; and such was the warmth and strength of their mutual attachment, that the most casual or close observer must have seen that their future joy, if it depended only upon themselves, must be unalloyed and permanent. Alas! it did not depend entirely upon themselves. The alloy was

at hand, and the friend of Rodolph, strange to say, was the first to administer it. A month had passed, or more, when Conrade suddenly made his appearance. Will it be believed, that Rodolph was pained to see him? So it was. The presence of his friend brought with it the recollection of the dreadful engagement which he had made, and to which he had seduced him. He sickened at his sight, and turned away. But his aversion was not seen by Conrade; at least, the latter did not seem to see it. He resolutely approached, and took the hand of Rodolph in his own, and addressed him in the soothing and sweet language of friendship. But even the tones of his voice, so soft and pleasant to his ear, and the words of good faith which Conrade uttered, were all neutralized by a strange, taunting laugh, a suppressed chuckle, which his friend of late had most unaccountably adopted.

“D—n that strange laugh which you have,” said Rodolph, abruptly; “I do not like it; it goes like a cold wind into my bones. Where the d——I did you pick it up?”

“You do not like it, then?” said the other, and he laughed again, more unpleasantly than ever.

“Like it, Conrade! How should I? It is the strangest, most annoying chuckle I ever heard in

my life. Drop it, for my sake, I pray you, and take up some better habit."

Conrade was obliging enough.

"I will try to rid myself of it," said he, "since it annoys you, though the effort will be a hard one. It is so natural to me."

"Natural to you!" exclaimed Rodolph; "why, I do not remember to have ever heard it before you went to sea?"

"Perhaps not; it is a foreign acquisition, no doubt, and not the less natural for being so. The journey through life is chiefly taken that we may pick up our nature as we go along. Our nature is not born with us, as foolish people imagine. We choose it from a variety, as we choose our dresses; and our happiness depends very much upon the sort of stuff and color we make choice of. Perhaps, if you observe closely, you will see that the most fickle people are those who have a variety—the most fortunate those who have but one. It is my error to have chosen some that do not sit graciously; that laugh, for example, which you do not like. My smile pleases you better, I doubt not?"

And Conrade, as he spoke, turned his glance upon the face of Rodolph, with an expression which was even more annoying to the youth than

the chuckle of which he had complained. He was about to say so to his companion, but the fear of being thought querulous, and his own increasing consciousness of a state of nervous excitability, determined him to say nothing.

"I am feverish, I think, this evening, Conrade," he said to his friend; "do you not think so?"

He extended his hand as he spoke; but when the fingers of Conrade pressed the wrist, it seemed to him that he was chilled as by an ague. He withdrew his arm instantly, and looked with astonishment upon his comrade, whose smile, like that of a basilisk, was fixed upon him.

"You are disordered," said Conrade, a moment after, with a show of concern in his countenance. "You should take medicine. I will ride over to Oberfeldt's castle, and get you something. He had a fine laboratory, and made his own chemicals."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Rodolph; "Nothing from that d—nable place, in heaven's name."

"We will not speak of the absent," responded the other gravely. "But let us to the castle; some wine will cheer us both, and, possibly, put you in better health and spirits."

XVII.

"Rodolph, dear Rodolph!" said Bertha one day to her husband, standing at the castle entrance, and looking forth upon the retreating figure of Conrade Weickhoff, who had just left them; "there is something about the baron Weickhoff that is very annoying to me. I do not like him, Rodolph."

"He is my friend, Bertha," responded Rodolph, with a gravity that seemed to rebuke her no less than his language.

"I know it, dear Rodolph, and I try to like him, because he is your friend; but forgive me, dear Rodolph, when I tell you that all my efforts are in vain. I cannot like him; I do not feel at ease in his presence."

The youth looked curiously upon the blooming and blushing woman of his heart, and, strange to say, he loved her the more because she could not tolerate his friend. He dared not speak out his feelings and thoughts, however, for there was between the two a manifest contradiction which he had sought, but vainly, to reconcile. In his own estimation, Conrade had ever been his friend. In

the chuckle of which he had complained. He was about to say so to his companion, but the fear of being thought querulous, and his own increasing consciousness of a state of nervous excitability, determined him to say nothing.

"I am feverish, I think, this evening, Conrade," he said to his friend; "do you not think so?"

He extended his hand as he spoke; but when the fingers of Conrade pressed the wrist, it seemed to him that he was chilled as by an ague. He withdrew his arm instantly, and looked with astonishment upon his comrade, whose smile, like that of a basilisk, was fixed upon him.

"You are disordered," said Conrade, a moment after, with a show of concern in his countenance. "You should take medicine. I will ride over to Oberfeldt's castle, and get you something. He had a fine laboratory, and made his own chemicals."

"God forbid!" exclaimed Rodolph; "Nothing from that d—nable place, in heaven's name."

"We will not speak of the absent," responded the other gravely. "But let us to the castle; some wine will cheer us both, and, possibly, put you in better health and spirits."

XVII.

"Rodolph, dear Rodolph!" said Bertha one day to her husband, standing at the castle entrance, and looking forth upon the retreating figure of Conrade Weickhoff, who had just left them; "there is something about the baron Weickhoff that is very annoying to me. I do not like him, Rodolph."

"He is my friend, Bertha," responded Rodolph, with a gravity that seemed to rebuke her no less than his language.

"I know it, dear Rodolph, and I try to like him, because he is your friend; but forgive me, dear Rodolph, when I tell you that all my efforts are in vain. I cannot like him; I do not feel at ease in his presence."

The youth looked curiously upon the blooming and blushing woman of his heart, and, strange to say, he loved her the more because she could not tolerate his friend. He dared not speak out his feelings and thoughts, however, for there was between the two a manifest contradiction which he had sought, but vainly, to reconcile. In his own estimation, Conrade had ever been his friend. In

boyhood they were inseparable, and, certainly, the very possession of his wife and present happiness was owing entirely to Conrade. Should he oppose to these substantial services the capriciousness of taste which found fault with a look, a glance, or a ridiculous chuckle? Nothing could be more idle or unjust in the eye of reason and good sense; yet, in his heart, that glance and chuckle were more than enough to counterbalance all the substantial services which his friend had rendered him.

“And what is there, dear Bertha, in Conrade Weickhoff that displeases you?”

“He is so cold,” said she, innocently.

“Indeed!” exclaimed the other, not altogether so well pleased with his wife, and rather more pleased with his friend. “Indeed — cold — in what manner, Bertha?”

“He seems to have lost all human sensibilities,” was her reply. “When he speaks, it is only to sneer at his neighbors. Does he hear of any virtues which they possess, he is sure to know and to speak of their defects and foibles. He laughs, too, at sacred things — at age and character — and does not seem to relish the respect which others show to them. Then that strange, horrid laugh, which he has; and sometimes, when you

turn suddenly, you catch his eye fixed upon you with a staring sort of contempt, which puts me, for all the world, in mind of the Mephistopheles whom you remember to have seen upon the tapestry in the old hall at Staremberg, where he tempts our ancestor, the Teuton, on the brow of the Harz. He sometimes frightens me to look at him, and my blood is chilled when he speaks to me, or laughs. I cannot like him, I'm afraid."

"Nor I," thought Rodolph, but he did not say it. The words of Bertha saddened him more than ever, though he loved her the more when he found how large was the degree of sympathy between them. A common aversion is not unfrequently the occasion of a common love.

XVIII.

"Your wife does not like me, Rodolph," said Conrade to the former, one day, some time after this interview. "I am too blunt; I speak out my mind too freely, and so offend her. She has been brought up by that old beldam, your mother-in-law of Staremberg — forgive me, Rodolph, if I cannot speak very affectionately of her — and has imbibed many of those antiquated, stiff notions,

which would fetter all freedom of speech and intercourse. I am a plain man, and can't bend myself to conciliate people of his temper. You must take me as you find me, or not at all. I know I have my faults; I am neither very amiable nor very handsome. I have seen the world, and, thanks to Oberfeldt, I am quite too independent to find it necessary to play the hypocrite, and give men credit for qualities which they have not. Your wife loves not ascetics, and I am too much of one to please her. Better, therefore, that I should cease to trouble you with my visits. Now and then I may look in upon you, and I need not say how ready I am, with the old feeling, to serve you whenever you need me. In such case, all that you need do, is to visit me. I shall always rejoice to see one so dear to me."

Rodolph tried to explain for, and to excuse his wife; an error of judgment, which a wise husband will never commit.

"You mistake Bertha entirely, my dear Conrade; you do her injustice. Her reserve is natural to her, and she meets every body as she meets you."

"No, no, Rodolph, I know better. The difference is marked between her reception of me and others."

"By heaven, Conrade, but it shall not be so.

You are my friend, and my wife shall treat you as such."

Strangely contradictory were the thoughts and feelings of Rodolph on this occasion. Conscious of himself of a changed temper toward his friend, he sought to hide the alteration from scrutiny by a show of proper indignation toward his innocent wife; and he fumed and foamed for ten minutes in violent speech accordingly.

"Nay, be not angry, Rodolph," said his companion, in a style of soothing which was exceedingly annoying.

"I will be angry, Conrade. I have reason to be angry. My wife do injustice to my friend! I will be angry!"

A sarcastic smile played over the lips of Conrade at this insincere ebullition. Well he knew that Rodolph's aversion was not less strong than that of Bertha's; but he took especial care to conceal his conviction on this subject. Rodolph, in the mean while, hurried to Bertha's chamber, leaving Conrade in the hall. He had worked himself into a petty sort of fury, by repeating Conrade's language to himself as he went through the passages, and he was in no small tempest when he came into her presence. The fury of his first assault astounded her, and she could not reply,

till, all on a sudden, she beheld the glaring eyes of Conrade peeping through the opened door of the apartment. A new emotion — a sudden strength, which seemed supernatural — possessed her on the instant. She darted from her seat, threw herself before the little family altar that stood by the bedside, and prayed aloud to heaven. The practical rebuke was felt by her husband. He sank down before the altar beside her, and their mutual hands were clasped in prayer. When she looked round to the door of the apartment, the face of Conrade Weickhoff was no longer to be seen.

XIX.

A month had passed before Conrade again visited Rodolph. In that period a change had taken place in the dwelling of the latter. Bertha and her young husband were happier than ever. She was "as women wish to be, who love their lords." Her heart was light now, like that of a bird in spring. He, too, though troubled sometimes with serious thoughts, was yet conscious of an intenser satisfaction than his heart had ever known before. Conrade beheld this at

a glance. His manner was more guarded than usual. His temper seemed to be subdued. He was even conciliatory, though reserved; and, in the flush of her heart's tide of joyful emotions, Bertha half forgot her old hostility. She even smiled freely upon, and talked with the ancient friend of her husband; the whole world, at that moment, seeming to her young and delighted spirits, full of associations which were all good and beautiful.

Conrade congratulated Rodolph upon the grateful prospect before him, and in a manner which was far less disagreeable than usual. He spent the day pleasantly enough with his friend; but left the castle after sunset, alleging a pressing necessity for his presence elsewhere. On leaving, however, he amply made amends to himself for his own forbearance. His last words, at parting, left a sting that rankled dreadfully in the bosom of the youth. The words were simple enough, and seemed only a passing inquiry.

"What month is this, Rodolph?" said he, as it were unconsciously, while mounting his sable steed.

"July," was the stammered reply.

"July!" Conrade seemed to muse a while; then speaking as follows, he rode away:

"I shall not see you for some time, Rodolph ; not, I think, before November. Then I must see you, you know."

Big drops stood upon the brow of Rodolph ; he rushed to the gloomiest chamber of his castle, and he felt not that night the caresses of his wife. Well did he understand the significant, yet simple language of his friend. The fifth of November was the first anniversary after the self-murder of Oberfeldt.

XX.

It came too rapidly — that dreadful month. We need not try, we should fail utterly, to describe the agony of Rodolph, at its approach. It was a madness — that subdued sort of madness in which, while the faculties of mind all struggle in confusion, there is still a sufficient consciousness of its own impotence and utter despair, to restrain it from any vain and idle ebullition. In a few days the flesh seemed to have fallen from his bones ; his eyes were lustreless, yet full of a feverish glare, like those of Weickhoff, and seemed shooting out from their sockets. His very limbs seemed palsied, and refused their offices. He was incapable

of exertion. All things contributed to this agony of soul under which he labored. The pregnancy of Bertha had advanced greatly. A few days, and he might be a father; and she, as this thought came to her mind, she clung to her husband with all the strength of a new-born passion, and, burying her head in his bosom, dwelt fondly upon the blessing which was at hand. How more than sweet was life at that moment! How dreadful the idea of death, as an appointed prospect in the vista of time! How much more dreadful the strong probability of that death, so near, and so terrible, which the coming anniversary announced! Wonder not that he thrust the one most beloved of all from his arms, when these awful images assailed him. Wonder not that he rushed away from her embrace to the deepest cell of his castle, and threw himself in utter abandonment of soul upon the cold and clammy pavement.

The night came—a night of exceeding beauty. Rodolph moved through his dwelling like a blind man. He tottered in his mental incertitude, not less than in his body's debility. He was about to visit his wife in her chamber, when he was conscious that some one stood suddenly beside him. He looked round, and it was Conrade Weickhoff.

“The hour is late, Rodolph,” said Conrade,
VOL. II. 5

"we have little time to spare. Your horse is saddled in the court. We must keep our engagements."

"God of heaven! Conrade," exclaimed the youth, "how can you speak of this accursed business so coolly?"

"Why not? I had long since prepared my mind for it," said the other, "and so, I presume, had you."

"No — no! — The thought is dreadful!"

"Nor will it be less so by poring over it. But why should this thought be so dreadful to you now? You are only in the same situation in which I found you a year ago, even should it fall to your lot to perish. Then, only for my hand, you would have done that, the image of which now so dreadfully affrights you. I see not the substantial difference."

But there was a substantial difference, and Rodolph saw and felt it. How desolate was he then — how hopeless — how desperate in love and fortune — with how little to live for! Now — what had he not, in possession, calculated to make him in love with life — what sweet ties — what ministering affections — what hopes — what joys, what desires and delights! He reproached his friend bitterly, as he thought upon these things.

"Would that I had never seen you, Conrade," he exclaimed, bitterly.

"I should have been spared this language, then," said the other, with a tone of reproach, which had its effect upon the sensitive mind of the hearer. Rodolph was too much of a dependant upon his friend to quarrel with him ; and begging his forgiveness, he inquired into some trifling particulars connected with the coming proceedings at the castle of Oberfeldt.

"The chances are no more against you, Rodolph, than against myself and all the rest. It all depends on fortune. Your good luck has always been conspicuous ; it will not fail you now."

"True, true," said the other, musingly, and with renewed hope ; but a moment after, his brow became clouded again.

"But it must come some day or other, Conrade — next year or the next."

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Death itself must come some day or other, and with this greater disadvantage, that you have no specified time for preparation. The Oberfeldt contract takes nobody by surprise. But the lot may never fall to you, Rodolph."

"How ? — it must some day or other."

"No ! our college is never less. For every

man taken from us by lot, we choose another member to fill his place, from applicants who are always sufficiently numerous. The new comer shares the chances with you precisely as did the old ; and as luck's all, it may be that it shall never fall to you to perish by your own hand ; and you may die, in a ripe old age, after the fashion of the most quiet abbot, in all the odor of sanctity, and with all the comfortings of a full household around you."

The gamester's hope consoled and strengthened Rodolph.

"I will be ready in a moment," said he.

"Where are you going?"

"But for a moment — I would see Bertha."

"Better not ; you will only mingle useless tears."

"I must go !" said Rodolph, firmly ; "I must tell her that I am about to ride forth for an hour or two, or she will be alarmed."

Conrade chuckled, but did not seek farther to restrain his friend. The parting between Rodolph and his wife — he suffering all the agony of his situation, yet under the necessity of hiding it from her ; and she full of all the tenderness of a wife, so soon to become a mother — was a trying one to him, and a sweetly tearful one to her.

"God bless you, dear Rodolph, and return you soon."

He hurried away, and the two friends were soon mounted upon their fierce and coal-black steeds. They employed neither whip nor spur, yet they flew over the space between the two castles, before Rodolph conceived himself to be fairly on the road.

XXI.

They arrived late, but still in season. It was yet half an hour to twelve, and Rodolph had sufficient time to survey the assembly. What a motley crew! A full year had passed since he had seen them, and yet, on most of them, what a change had that time brought about! Dissipation had done its work. Unaccustomed resources had brought unaccustomed indulgence. The wallow of the beast had swallowed up the spirit of the man; and degradation had succeeded to licentiousness, with the unerring rapidity of an upward flying spark. Rodolph, who, in the arms of a faithful and pure wife, had kept, to a certain extent at least, the original whiteness of his soul, turned from them in disgust. Their soul and

brutal language frightened as well as disgusted him. Conrade, on the contrary, whose mental and moral man was infinitely more flexible, caroused and clamored with them most freely after their own fashion. He did not seem to dislike, but rather appeared desirous of promoting their excesses. The wine cup was freely plied, and yet Rodolph could see that, while filling for others, his friend himself drank nothing. Yet his laugh — that strange laugh — was among the loudest, and his words had sway over the boisterous group of turbulents that gathered in a mass around him.

Suddenly, the heavily swinging bell, in the tower overhead, thundered out the hour. The heart of Rodolph died away within him. His bones were chilled — his blood frozen — his knees tottered feebly beneath the burden of his own weight. The eyes of Conrade were upon him — his words were in his ears —

“Rodolph?”

Cold sweat stood in massive drops upon the youth's forehead, and his lips parted feebly in a vain effort at a hurried prayer. The wild chuckle of his friend at this moment drove away the pleading minister at heaven's gates; and desperately seizing his arm, Conrade led the way for the

rest into the adjoining hall of state and dreadful ceremonial.

XXII.

Demoniac, indeed, had been the taste which fitted up that apartment. Grotesque images stood glaring around upon them from the swaying and swinging tapestry. Sable shafts and columns, broken and cragged, seemed to glide about the walls. Gloomy and dark draperies hung over the doors and windows, fringed with flame-like edges ; and sprinkled drops of blood, like a rain shower, as they entered the hall of doom, fell upon their dresses. Rodolph clung to the arm of his friend, even as an infant in a sudden terror clings to that of a mother or a nurse. He was almost lifeless in his accumulating fears and fancies. But that laugh of Conrade, annoying as it was at every other period, had now the effect of reassuring him. It had in it a sort of scorn of all these objects of dread — so Rodolph thought — which re-nerved the apprehensive youth ; and boldly they walked forward together. The board of death was spread — the board upon which Oberfeldt had slain himself. The outlines of his bloody form were printed

upon its covering; and there, in an hour more, his successor was doomed to lie. And who was that successor? That was the question which Rodolph propounded momentarily to himself: "Who? who?"

There was no long time for deliberation. Conrade led the way. There was a strange cry of assembled voices from a neighboring apartment, seemingly from cells beneath the stone floor upon which they stood. It was like laughter, and yet Rodolph distinguished now and then a shriek in the dreadful chorus which followed it. Faint notes of music — the sudden clang of a trumpet — and then the rapid rushing and the crash of closing doors, as if a sudden tempest raged without — these were the sounds and images which accompanied the act, in which the fraternity now engaged, of drawing for the fatal lot.

Blindly, madly, stupidly, and reeling like a drunken man, Rodolph, under the guidance of his friend's arm, approached the table, and the massive iron vase, from which the billet was to be taken. Desperately was his arm thrust forward into its fatal jaws. His fingers felt about its bottom, and he drew forth the card. He knew not what he had drawn; he dared not look upon it. He believed his doom to be written.

A signal announced the ceremony to be over—

the preparatory ceremony. A bright light played around the vase, and the several members of the college advanced with the lots which they had drawn.

“Give yourselves no trouble, my friends,” exclaimed one, whose voice Rodolph instantly recognised to be that of Conrade. “You need not examine your billets, since mine tells me what yours must be. I have the good fortune to be chosen successor to our great founder. It is for me to set you an example in following that of Oberfeldt. The billet of death has fallen to my lot.” And, as he spoke, he displayed the fearful and blood-written scroll loftily in the sight of the rest.

XXIII.

Rodolph was speechless with varying emotions. His own safety ; the loss of his friend ; the composure with which Conrade announced his doom, and prepared himself for it ; all oppressed him with the strangest sensations. Conrade again spoke :

“I go to prepare. In the adjoining chamber, agreeable to the directions of Oberfeldt, lies the knife and the garment which are to prepare me for

his doom. There also are the candidates who seek to fill my place. From one of these it is for me to choose. Fear not, my friends, that I shall choose one unworthy to associate with you. My pride is, that my successor shall be worthy of me."

With these words he left the hall. He returned in a few moments, bringing with him another, of whose face, though Rodolph knew him not, he did not seem altogether ignorant. Conrade was robbed for death; and the double-edged knife, with which Oberfeldt had slain himself, smeared still with the purple blood of the preceding victim, was uplifted in his hand.

"This is my successor," exclaimed Conrade. "He is named Hans Busacher; you will swear him upon my body, as you have each of you sworn upon that of Oberfeldt."

With these words he prepared to mount the throne of death, when his eyes met those of Rodolph, which were full of irrepressible tears. He whispered in the youth's ears:

"Rodolph, the hour which takes me from life, gives a double life to you. Busacher tells me that you are a father. Hurrying by your castle, the intelligence reached him from a domestic. A fine son links you now more than ever to Bertha and to life."

Without waiting for reply, the intrepid Conrade leaped upon the table. He gave but a single look and parting nod to the assembly; then, drawing the keen edge of the knife with a heavy hand over his throat, his eyes were fixed, a second after, in the dim haze and utter insensibility of death.

Silence was among the rest, but a heavy groan burst from Rodolph, drowned, however, in a burst of shrieks and yells, from the cells below, which were appalling. But there was little time allowed for speculation upon these matters. The uninitiate now advanced to the table, and each member crowded round to repeat the terms of the oath to Hans Busacher which he was required to take. He did not shrink, though he had gazed upon the awful event which had just taken place. With one hand upon the body of Conrade, the fingers of the other grasped the pen, and signed the instrument; and Rodolph saw, even as Busacher wrote, that the name of Conrade faded from the body of the instrument above, while that of Busacher, letter by letter, rose visibly in its place. The ceremony over, he rushed from the horrible connexion, and was soon blessed with the sight of that dear pledge of love, of which Weickhoff, in the moment of death, had informed him.

XXIV.

The escape from his present danger was a new life to Rodolph. In just proportion to his former extreme apprehensions, was his feeling of security now. He did not, for the present, trouble himself with thoughts of the future. There was time enough, month after month, in the long, sweet year before him. His thoughts were all due to his wife and child; to the beautiful boy, in whose infant lineaments Bertha had already clearly traced out all the features of the father's face. The days, the weeks, flew rapidly by in the freshness of so new and pure a pleasure. Joy vainly spread forth his witcheries, to delay the feet of time. Months had now elapsed, and a cloud began to gather upon the brow of Rodolph, a cloud which even the caresses of his wife and infant failed at all times to disperse.

One day Bertha said to her husband — her child being in her arms, and she being within those of Rodolph —

“Dearest, I am sad to see you so. Wherefore is it? Why are you gloomy? And you groan, Rodolph, oh, so deeply in your sleep, as if you

had some secret and dreadful sorrow. Tell it me, Rodolph. Share it with me, dear husband. If I cannot soothe, I can better assist you to endure it."

How freely, how joyfully would he have revealed to her, if he had dared, the awful secret that was harrowing up his soul. Better if he had done so; but he was not sufficiently assured of that mighty strength which is in the bosom of a woman who loves devotedly, and he doubted her ability to bear the horrible recital of what he knew and dreaded. She implored him in vain; he evaded and denied, until she grew unhappy, as she saw that he did evade.

At another time she said:

"Dear Rodolph, you do not pray with me now, as you were wont to do. When we were first wedded, it was so sweet to kneel with you, and pray together, each night before we slept, and confess to each other our mutual errors and unkindnesses. Now, dear Rodolph, I pray alone. Wherefore is it, Rodolph? Ah, husband, shall we not again pray together? Shall we not kneel to-night, and renew our former custom?"

He looked at her with the desperate fondness of a dying man — so fondly, so earnestly, so despairingly. He folded his arms around her; he press-

ed his lips long and lovingly to hers ; and he promised her that their prayers should be once more united.

That evening, when they had sought their chamber, she proceeded to exact the fulfilment of his pledge. She led him to the altar, and they kneeled together, and the pure hearted woman began to pray aloud. Rodolph was silent, or strove vainly to utter a corresponding prayer. On a sudden, he started up with a wild shriek ; he thrust his eyes in his palms, and fled from the apartment ; and that night he came not again to the expecting arms of his wife. He had seen the face of Conrade Weickhoff peering from behind the altar upon him ; that horrible grin upon his lips, and a glare from his eyes that seemed satanic.

XXV.

While it was yet early, he had a visit the next morning from Hans Busacher, who had recently become a neighbor, and was in possession of the domains formerly belonging to Conrade Weickhoff. Rodolph trembled and shuddered to behold him, not only as his neighborhood reminded him

of his friend, but because there was something in the face of Busacher very much like that of Conrade. There was nothing offensive, however, either in the person or the manners of the new visitor. He was courteous and affable, seemed to have always moved in the best society, and, in every respect, might have been considered a very model of gentility. There was, perhaps, something of loftiness in his air, which some may have regarded as stiffness, and he was essentially divested of all those softer feelings which beguile humanity with dreams. He was cold in the extreme, if not a phlegmatic. Rodolph and himself conversed for a good while on indifferent topics, and the youth, who, wanting in decision of character, himself needed some stronger spirit upon whom to lean, began to be pleased with his visitor, and was really grateful to him for having called. When Busacher was about to go, Rodolph warmly made his acknowledgments, and grasping the hand of the former with a strong gripe, he begged that he might again soon see him at the castle.

"I know not," said the other, with composure, "that I shall soon have that pleasure. This is July. I go in a few days upon a journey to the borders, where I have to make some arrangements

in respect to property. I shall return by November, when I shall see you again, of course."

The very language of Conrade a year before. The visiter was gone ; and, during the rest of that day, unseen by wife or domestics, Rodolph tottered, like a paralytic, through a dark gallery of his dwelling.

XXVI.

Let us skip over the intervening period. Nothing need be said in all this time of the increasing mental agony of Rodolph. It will be sufficient to know that his despair and suffering were even greater than during the year before. Life had grown dearer to him ; he was bound to it by new ties ; and Bertha and his child grew lovelier and more necessary to his heart, with every increase of the doubt and the dread which were gathering and groping there.

The night came, and, to his surprise, Hans Busacher was again his visiter.

"I am but now returned from the borders," were his first words ; "and knowing that your course lay with mine to-night, I concluded to stop in passing, and bear you company."

"What an alteration in his voice!" said Rodolph to himself. "I have certainly heard that voice frequently before."

Thus he mused as he looked upon his visiter, and he shuddered with the strangest emotions. He parted from Bertha, suppressing his grief as well as he could, but full of the most painful presentiments.

"Come back soon, dear Rodolph," she cried to him entreatingly, and he promised her, but with a choking accent.

The companions soon reached Oberfeldt castle, and, one by one, the several members of the college were soon assembled together. Let us not dwell upon the preparatory display on this occasion. We already know the rites and orgies which were initial. We have already seen the decorations of the dismal chamber, and the dreadful hall. They were now the same. Rodolph well remembered each fearful characteristic. The same scene was renewed in all its parts; and, amid crowding forms, and stimulated even into madness by similar objects, sights, and sounds, as had attended the proceedings of the previous anniversary, he, with the rest, advanced to the iron vase. They drew their billets in turn, and when Rodolph

lifted his into the light, the doom of self-murder was decreed to him in characters of blood.

XXVII.

His head swam — his heart sickened — he tottered from the fearful board, and stammering out his intention to the rest, passed into the adjoining apartment, where he was to choose his successor, and prepare for the execution of his doom.

“Poor fellow!” said one, “he does not seem to like it.”

“No,” said another, “but better him than us. It will always be a year too soon when the time comes, and so no doubt he thinks it.”

“Wonder how he likes leaving his wife,” said a third; “they say he is very fond of her.”

“Psha! is she fond of him? is the question. She will have no loss; she’s quite as lovely as ever, and I will take some pains myself to console her,” said a fourth, who was one of the most self-complacent of the group. It is in this brutal fashion that vice presumes to speak of the superior virtue which it hates and fears. Little did the pure minded Bertha at that moment imagine that such as these were the associates of her hus-

band. Thus had the conversation proceeded for some time in the hall, when some one remarked upon the long absence of the victim :

“ He stays long !”

“ Yes ; his choice is difficult. It is to be hoped he brings us a proper man, a good fellow, not too proud to know his friends and neighbors.”

“ If he does,” said a third, “ we should rejoice in the exchange, for he will then give us a more sociable and better fellow than himself.”

The delay of Rodolph to return, at length provoked anxiety. He was sought for, and was nowhere to be found. The successor was unchosen — the fatal garment unassumed — the knife of death unappropriated. The unhappy youth dared not fulfil his pledges. Life was too sweet — death too terrible — and scarcely enjoying the one, or only destined to enjoy it in horrors, he had yet fled from the utterly bereaving embraces of the other. He had availed himself of the few moments which were allotted to the victim for solitary preparation, to hurry through a neighboring passage, and regain the court-yard. There, mounting his steed, he had fled with all desperation, and a full half hour had elapsed after his departure before his flight was discovered.

XXVIII.

There was a general hubbub among the colleagues when the discovery was made. All was confusion and uproar.

"The coward!" several of them exclaimed, "thus to fly from death."

"Dishonorable!" cried others, "not to meet his engagements." Some proposed to pursue and put him to death; and this opinion was about to be carried, when Hans Busacher, who had, in all this time, preserved the profoundest silence, now interposed as follows:

"We may not do as you propose, my friends; we are bound by our contract to a different course. What says the will of Oberfeldt on this subject? and how, under his directions, are we to punish a member who flies from his honorable pledge? We are not to harm a hair of his head; we are not to shed a drop of his blood; we are not to break a limb of his body; we are not to abridge a portion of his breath; but we are to do all—we are to compel him to the performance of the deed by a will and act of his own."

"How can that be done?" was the general

exclamation. They were astounded, for none of them remembered any such requisitions in the document.

"Does the will say so?" was the inquiry of one and all.

"You shall see for yourselves," was the reply. They read, and, sure enough, there were plainly written down the fatal requisitions. They were aghast, and Hans Busacher smiled scornfully as he beheld their confusion. After a brief pause, he proceeded :

"Our task is not so difficult as you imagine. Why does Rodolph Steinmyer fly from death? Because he is in love with life! Why is he in love with life? Because there are many things in life which make it worthy of his love. What do we, then, my friends? Evidently, we are to deprive him of all those objects which make him regardless of his honor. Our work begins from this moment. Come all of you with me into the private room of council. There let us confer together, on the best plan for bringing our brother back to the consideration of his duty."

What they did, to what they pledged themselves, and what they designed in that secret conference, may not be said. They separated after a brief interval; and the shade of Oberfeldt

growled at the passage of the anniversary without yielding him any additional companion.

XXIX.

Let us follow the flight of the devoted Rodolph. The poor youth fled madly to his home. In desperation, upon the bosom of his wife he poured forth the whole dreadful narrative. A silent horror seized upon her. She was dumb; she was stupified with dread. She knew of but one resource, and she called upon God! She implored her husband to kneel with her before the same altar, and he did so; but when, like her, he strove to call upon God, a wild yell arose from the floor beneath him — a yell of fiendish derision — that drowned all supplication. At the same moment, a fierce implacable glare shot out from two eyes behind the altar, that seemed like dim and baleful stars, looking forth amidst the gloomy and sudden gusts of September. Rodolph sank fainting upon the floor, and Bertha, prostrating herself upon his body, prayed fervently to heaven for the succor and the safety of the doomed one!

The night passed — a night of horror. The day came and passed — a day of increasing hor-

FOR, as it was one which contributed in a thousand ways to the hopelessness of Rodolph.

"Let us fly," said the devoted wife; "let us fly, my Rodolph, into other countries. We shall then be beyond the reach of these people. You can then be at peace, and happy."

He embraced her, and they determined upon flight. In secrecy he prepared money and jewels for use in a foreign land. His horses were in readiness, a faithful retainer intrusted with the secret only, and every arrangement was made for a start at midnight. It came, and stealing forth with his infant son in his arms, and his wife clinging to his side, Rodolph, when all were asleep, descended to the porch where the carriage was in waiting. They entered the vehicle, and departed; but as they drove through the portals, they heard voices calling them back, and then a chuckling laugh, which seemed like that of Conrade. They reached a deep wood, when suddenly the sky became overcast, and they could no longer find their way. A storm of lightning came up, and the horses grew frightened. Strange cries, as of men in battle, reached their ears from the distance, and as they drove forward desperately, the horses sank back in terror from some object which lay in their way. Provocations like these

had aroused all the courage of Rodolph. He alighted from the carriage, and approached the object which had so alarmed the horses. The distinct outline of a man's body, which seemed lifeless, lay in the path. A groan reached his ears. He stooped to the body, to feel if life were yet in its bosom. The figure stretched up its arms, as if to embrace him. At that moment, a sharp flash of lightning showed him the face of Conrade Weickhoff, the head nearly severed from the body. He dashed down the bloody carcass; leaped again into the vehicle; while shrieks of demoniac laughter seemed to run and gather in the air, pursuing all around him. With his own hands, nerved by desperation, he drove the careering horses over the carcass, and heedless of the road, made his way forward.

"Whither so fast?" cried a strange voice, in front of him. "Would you cross the river in such a freshet, when the bridge is swept away? Turn, instantly, or you must perish."

It was a sort of instinct that prompted the next movement of Rodolph. The horses were wheeled round, and, driving without an aim, he drove till daylight. At dawn, the extensive and beautiful domains of a fine castle lay before him.

"Where am I?" he demanded of a peasant.

"At the castle of Baron Rodolph of Steinmyer,"
was the reply.

Rodolph was again at home.

XXX.

There was a destiny in all this. Rodolph began to perceive how desperate was the contest before him. He devoted himself to meditation upon the means of his escape, and for hours he was absorbed in thought, to the exclusion of all outward consciousness. At length he called to him a faithful adherent :

"Claus," he said, "you will take the lady Bertha and her child to Staremberg castle. You will begone instantly, and put yourself in readiness."

He then sought Bertha, and told her his intention.

"Once secure at Staremberg, Bertha, and you will not encumber my flight. You can follow me when you hear of my safety in another land. Take with you these jewels and this gold. They will serve us at a future time, and bid defiance to want."

He opened the caskets as he spoke, but, instead

of gold and jewels, there lay nothing within but a few rocks in an envelop. That envelop was a bloody napkin, marked "Oberfeldt," and having on it a purple stain, which gave the idea of a rudely impressed hand and dagger. The sight almost blinded the horror-stricken youth. The doom was gathering around him.

At length Bertha and the child, under the guardianship of Claus, set forward upon the journey to her father's castle of Staremburg. Rodolph separated from her at the gate with many tears. When they were gone, he mounted his steed, and rode away gloomily into the forest. It was late in the day when he determined to return. He had meditated his plan thoroughly, and had, at length, devised a scheme which, he flattered himself, would enable him successfully to fly from his persecutors. When he reached the edges of the forest a bright blaze illuminated it, with a light beyond that of day. He was bewildered by the conflagration, and hurried forward. When he had fully emerged from the obscurity of the woods, he knew the extent of the evil. His fine palace was in flames. He reached the gates, and found all his retainers in consternation. The fire was a mystery; nobody could account for it. While he gazed upon the blazing ruins, he saw amid the

burning masses, two bright eyes glaring upon his own. If he had not been well acquainted with the hateful glare of those eyes, he was yet not ignorant of the source of that fiendish laugh, which rose high above the rock when the tottering walls went down in a final crash. How much less difficult did it now seem to Rodolph to die ! Suffering had already begun to blunt sensibility.

XXXI.

Like an abandoned wretch, he rode over to Staremberg castle. He could not depart without seeing Bertha and his child. Their absence had already half reconciled him to the worst. But where were they ? Neither baron nor baroness had yet seen their daughter and grandson.

“Trifle not with me, I pray you,” cried Rodolph, in his agony. “Bring me to them. I am in no mood for sport ; I cannot brook delay.”

When assured that they had not yet made their appearance, with a mad yell he rushed away into the forest. The retainers of Staremberg followed in pursuit ; and the old baron himself, who tenderly loved his daughter, did not withhold himself from the search which was instituted for her. It

was the fortune of the unhappy Rodolph to gain the first tidings of his beloved. Midway between his own and Staremberg castle, the carriage lay overturned, and almost torn to pieces. The horses were stiff dead, and yet there were no marks or wounds upon them. They seemed literally to have been blasted. The dead body of a man lay stretched out before a portion of the vehicle, wearing a dress like that of Claus, to whose custody Bertha had been intrusted ; but what was the horror of Rodolph, on approaching the body, to discover the features of his ancient comrade, Conrade Weickhoff, once again visibly before him. And the horrible image unclosed its eyes, and glared upon him, as with a lustful longing, from beneath the sickly glaze which still overspread the rapidly decaying orbs.

The fear of death was no longer a fear with Rodolph Steinmyer. The goods of life were gone — the things which he had lived for, and which had made life a province of delight superseding the desire in his mind for any other, were all gone. The wife and the child were torn from him for ever — murdered, doubtlessly, by the demon fingers of his foul associates, or the demon agents of that awful being with whom, it was now the fear of Rodolph, he had been commercing

but too freely. As he thought on these matters, however, he congratulated himself that, though bargaining with the demon, he had sold him nothing but his life — he had not traded away his soul! Rodolph was not so subtle a casuist as the devil! A yell of derisive laughter rose in the air around him, the moment that his lips gave utterance to the absurdity; and he distinctly beheld the long, bony, and skinless fingers of Conrade Weickhoff stretching up toward him from the carcass.

He rushed away from the dreadful place and spectacle. Madness seemed to prompt his course, and desperation gave him wings. But there was method in his madness. His mind had reached that stage of frenzy in which nothing can touch it farther. He was now insensible to hope and fear, as he was indifferent to life. One met him in his flight, whom he saw not, but the voice of Hans Busacher he knew.

“We go together,” said Hans.

“We do!” was the reply.

“You are waited for!” said the former.

“Who waits?” demanded Rodolph, fiercely.

A finger rested upon his wrist, and the touch seemed to enfeeble him, while the other briefly replied —

“Oberfeldt! — Weickhoff! — Bertha!”

"Ha! I am ready!" was the desperate, but shuddering response; and they entered together the gates of Oberfeldt castle, which immediately closed heavily behind them. There was now no escape for Rodolph, but he thought not of that.

XXXII.

Shouts received the fugitive — shouts of laughter, of scorn, of encouragement and cheer, rang in his senses. The members of the college were all assembled, as if they had been waiting for, and apprized of his coming. He looked round the apartment, and noted their several faces. His emotions were not such as they were when he had previously met his colleagues. He had now no fears. His limbs were firm — his muscles rigid and inflexible — his nerves unshaken. Yet the pomp of death around him was even more gloomily grand than ever. The tapestry, that seemed made up of gathering shadows, of mighty spectres, and the awfulest forms, appeared to contract momentarily around him. Huge torches, borne in the hands of mute images, waved with a flaring and smoky light, in dense niches of the apartment. Faint tones of music, followed by an occasional

shriek of laughter, and sometimes by one of pain, came to his senses; and more than once, as if nearer at hand, the plainings of a child seemed to assail him, as if from his own murdered innocent. This fancy at once drove him forward to his purpose.

"I am ready," he exclaimed to the confederates.

"Not so," said Busacher; "you are to choose your successor. The candidates await you."

"Must I do this?" demanded Rodolph, shrinking from the task of entailing his own dreadful doom upon another.

"You must!" was the reply; and Busacher led the victim to the chamber in which his preparations were to be made. Many were the candidates who were there, claiming the privileges of eternal sorrow, in connexion with a momentary indulgence. With eyes closed, Rodolph extended his hands, determined to leave to fate that choice which he was bent not to make himself. The person he touched came forward, and Rodolph, when he looked upon him, beheld a fair youth, even younger than himself, in the man he had selected. He would have amended his choice. He would have taken one of the degraded and besotted candidates whom a long familiarity with vice in all its forms had

made callous to all conditions, and utterly hopeless of the future. But he was not allowed to do so, nor would the infatuated youth, so chosen, himself permit of any change. Bitterly, but too late, did Rodolph deplore his error; but regrets were idle at such a moment. He robed himself in the unhallowed investiture of self-murder. He clutched the bloody knife in his desperate hand. He led his youthful successor into the hall of death. He stood with him before its altar. A dreadful struggle was going on within his bosom; for the good angel of a guardian conscience had not yet entirely given up its trust. But, when he beheld the doubting and the sneering glances of those around him, and when he thought of the wife and child whom he had lost, he hesitated no longer. Fearlessly he leaped upon the bloody board, and the knife was uplifted. As he gave the fatal blow, a shriek, a scream — the voice of a woman in a deep agony — reached his ears, with the rushing of feet from an adjoining chamber. He knew the tones of that voice. They were those of Bertha. Half conscious only, he strove to raise himself from the bloody bier, and his eyes were turned in the direction whence the sounds proceeded. The tapestry was thrown aside, and his wife — her child

in her arms—her hair flying in the wind—her movements those of a love bordering upon madness—rushed toward him where he lay. He strove, in the agony of death—for the last sickness was fast overcoming the life-tide at his heart—to extend his arms to receive her; but, at that moment, the form of Hans Busacher passed between them.

“Keep me not back,” cried the wretched woman, “he is mine—he is my husband.”

“He is mine!” cried Busacher, in a voice like the falling of a torrent—so deep, so startling—so sudden at the first. The dim eye of Rodolph gazed up at the intruder, and the form of Busacher seemed changed to that of Conrade Weickhoff. There was the same scornful smile upon his lips, and the ears of the dying man were conscious of the same horrible, chuckling laugh, which had characterized his friend. While he yet looked in amaze, the figure seemed to grow and to expand, and he was now aware that the dreadful personage before him was about to assume another aspect. While he watched with the last lingering consciousness of life, and while the breath flickered faintly, and was drawn unresistingly toward the fearful presence which he watched, he beheld the features change from those of Conrade, into a

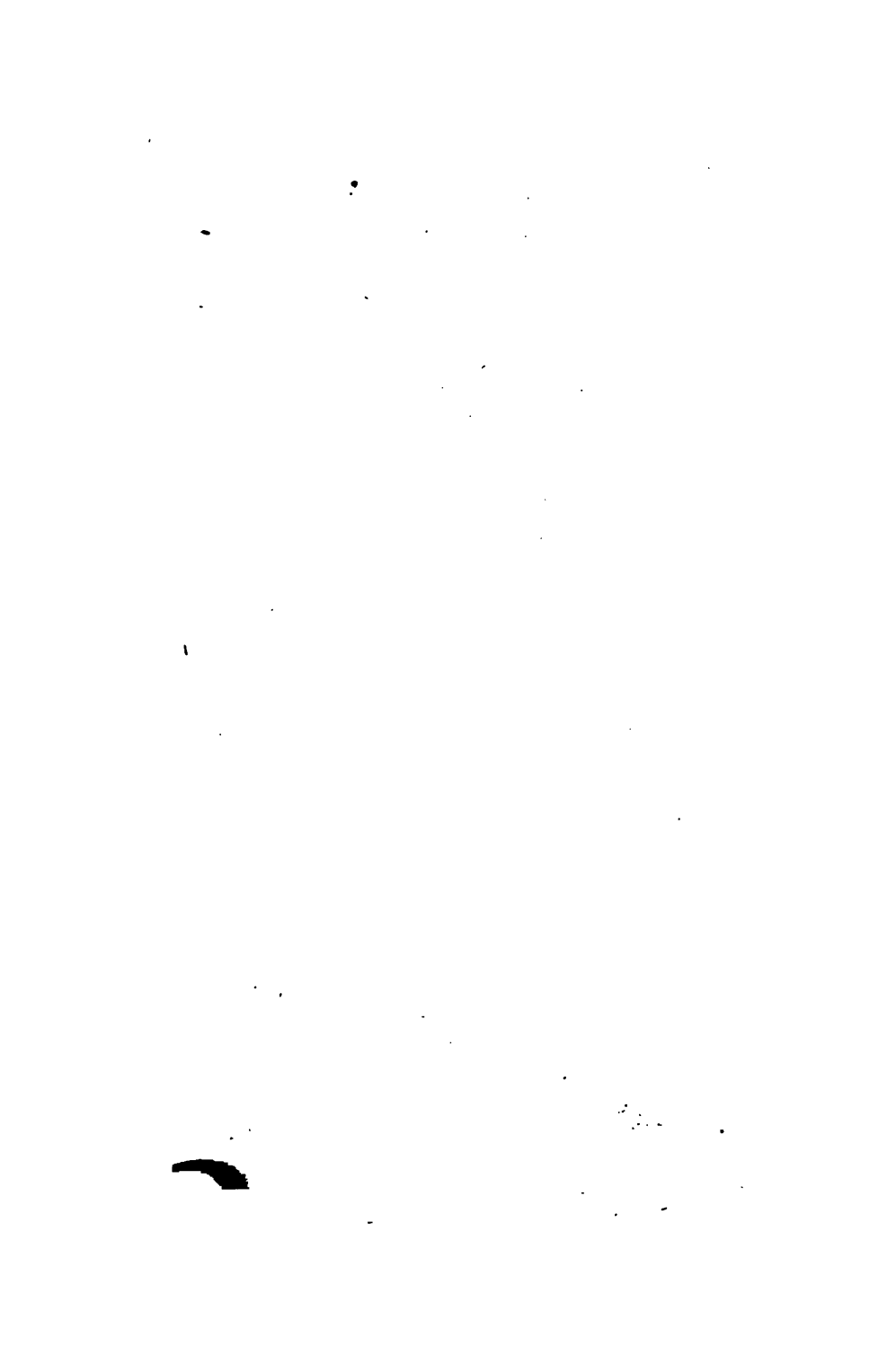
yet more dreadful character. Then did he feel, for the first time, how completely he was the victim; since, in place of him who had been his friend, he saw, in the moment of his final agony, the triumphant and stony glare which marks the glance of the demon Mephistopheles, whose slave he had become.

LOGOOCHIE;

OR,

THE BRANCH OF SWEET WATER.

A LEGEND OF GEORGIA.



LOGOOCHIE.

I.

WITH the approach of the white settlers, along the wild but pleasant banks of the St. Mary's river, in the state of Georgia, the startled deities of Indian mythology began to meditate their departure to forests more secure. Tribe after tribe of the aborigines had already gone, and the uncouth gods of their idolatry presided, in numberless instances, only over their deserted habitations. The savages had carried with them no guardian divinities—no hallowed household altars—cheering them in their new places of abode, by the acceptance of their sacrifice, and with the promise of a moderate winter, or a successful hunt. In depriving them of the lands descended to them in trust from their fathers, the whites seem also to have exiled them from the sweet and mys-

tic influences, so aptly associated with the vague loveliness of forest life, of their many twilight superstitions. Their new groves, as yet, had no spells for the huntsman; and the Manneyto of their ancient sires, failed to appreciate their tribute offerings, intended to propitiate his regards, or to disarm his anger. They were indeed outcasts; and, with a due feeling for their exiled worshippers, the forest-gods themselves determined also to depart from those long-hallowed sheltering places in the thick swamps of the Okephanokee, whence, from immemorial time, they had gone forth, to cheer or to chide the tawny hunter in his progress through life. They had served the fathers faithfully, nor were they satisfied that the sons should go forth unattended. They had consecrated his dwellings, they had stimulated his courage, they had thrown the pleasant waters along his path, when his legs failed him in the chase, and his lips were parched with the wanderings of the long day in summer; and though themselves overcome in the advent of superior gods, they had, nevertheless, prompted him to the last, in the protracted struggle which he had maintained, for so many years, and with such various successes, against his pale invaders. All that could be done for the feather-crowned and

wolf-mantled warrior, had been done, by the divinities he worshipped. He was overcome, driven away from his ancient haunts, but he still bowed in spirit to the altars, holy still to him, though, haplessly, without adequate power to secure him in his possessions. They determined not to leave him unprotected in his new abodes, and gathering, at the bidding of Satilla, the Mercury of the southern Indians, the thousand gods of their worship—the wood-gods and the water-gods—crowded to the flower-island of Okephanokee, to hear the commands of the Great Manneyto.

II.

All came but Logoochie, and where was he? he, the Indian mischief-maker—the Puck, the trickiest spirit of them all,—he, whose mind, like his body, a creature of distortion, was yet gentle in its wildness, and never suffered the smallest malice to mingle in with its mischief. The assembly was dull without him—the season cheerless—the feast wanting in provocative. The Great Manneyto himself, with whom Logoochie was a favourite, looked impatiently on the approach of every new comer. In vain were all

his inquiries — where is Logoochie? who has seen Logoochie? The question remained unanswered — the Great Manneyto unsatisfied. Anxious search was instituted in every direction for the discovery of the truant. They could hear nothing of him, and all scrutiny proved fruitless. They knew his vagrant spirit, and felt confident he was gone upon some mission of mischief; but they also knew how far beyond any capacity of theirs to detect, was his to conceal himself, and so, after the first attempt at search, the labor was given up in despair. They could get no tidings of Logoochie.

III.

The conference went on without him, much to the dissatisfaction of all parties. He was the spice of the entertainment, the spirit of all frolic; and though sometimes exceedingly annoying, even to the Great Manneyto, and never less so to the rival power of evil, the Opitchi-Manneyto, yet, as the recognized joker on all hands, no one found it wise to take offence at his tricks. In council, he relieved the dull discourse of some drowsy god, by the sly sarcasm, which, falling

innocuously upon the ears of the victim, was yet readily comprehended and applied by all the rest. On the journey, he kept all around him from any sense of weariness, — and, by the perpetual practical application of his humor, always furnished his companions, whether above or inferior to him in dignity, with something prime, upon which to make merry. In short, there was no god like Logoochie, and he was as much beloved by the deities, as he was honored by the Indian, who implored him not to turn aside the arrow which he sent after the bounding buck, nor to spill the water out of his scooped leaf as he carried it from the running rivulet up to his mouth. All these were tricks of the playful Logoochie, and by a thousand, such as these, was he known to the Indians.

IV.

Where, then, was the absentee when his brother divinities started after the outlawed tribes? Had he not loved the Indians — had he no sympathy with his associate gods — and wherefore went he not upon the sad journey through the many swamps and the long stretches of sand and forest, that lay between the Okephanokee, and the ra-

pidly-gushing waters of the Chatahoochie, wher both the aborigines and their rude deities had now taken up their abodes. Alas! for Logoochie! He loved the wild people, it is true, and much he delighted in the association of those having kindred offices with himself; but though a mimic and a jester, fond of sportive tricks, and perpetually practising them on all around him, he was not unlike the memorable buffoon of Paris, who, while ministering to the amusement of thousands, possessing them with an infinity of fun and frolic, was yet, at the very time, craving a precious mineral from the man of science to cure him of his confirmed hypochondria. Such was the condition of Logoochie. The idea of leaving the old woods and the waters to which he had been so long accustomed, and which were associated in his memory with a thousand instances of merriment, was too much for his most elastic spirits to sustain; and the summons to depart filled him with a nameless, and, to him, a hitherto unknown form of terror. His organ of inhabitiveness had undergone prodigious increase in the many exercises which his mind and mood had practised upon the banks of the beautiful Branch of Sweet Water, where his favorite home had been chosen by a felicitous fancy. It was indeed a spot to be

loved and dwelt upon, and he who surveyed its clear and quiet waters, sweeping pleasantly onward with a gentle murmur, under the high and bending pine trees that arched over and fenced it in, would have no wonder at its effect upon a spirit so susceptible, amidst all his frolic, as that of 'Logoochie. The order to depart made him miserable ; he could not think of doing so ; and, trembling all the while, he yet made the solemn determination not to obey the command ; but rather to subject himself, by his refusal, to a loss of caste, and, perhaps, even severer punishment, should he be taken, from the other powers having guardianship with himself, over the wandering red men. With the determination came the execution of his will. He secreted himself from those who sought him, and in the hollow of a log lay secure, even while the hunters uttered their conjectures and surmises under the very copse in which he was hidden. His arts to escape were manifold, and, unless the parties in search of him knew intimately his practices, he could easily elude their scrutiny by the simplest contrivances. Such, too, was the susceptibility of his figure for distortion, that even Satilla, the three eyed, the messenger of the Indian divinities, the most acute and cunning among them, was not unfrequently over-

reached and evaded by the truant Logoochie. He too had searched for him in vain, and though having a shrewd suspicion, as he stepped over a pine knot lying across a path, just about dusk, that it was something more than it seemed to be, yet passing on without examining it, and leaving the breathless Logoochie, for it was he, to gather himself up, the moment his pursuer was out of sight, and take himself off in a more secluded direction. The back of Logoochie was, itself, little better than a stripe of the tree bark to those who remarked it casually. From his heel to his head, inclusive, it looked like so many articulated folds or scales of the pine tree, here and there bulging out into excrescences. The back of his head was a solid knot, for all the world like that of the scorched pine knot, hard and resinous. This knot ran across in front, so as to arch above and overhang his forehead, and was crowned with hair, that, though soft, was thick and woody to the eye, and looked not unlike the plates of the pine-bur when green in season. It rose into a ridge or comb directly across the head from front to rear, like the war tuft of a Seminole warrior. His eyes, small and red, seemed, occasionally, to run into one another, and twinkled so, that you could not avoid laughing but to look upon them.

His nose was flat, and the mouth was simply an incision across his face, reaching nigh to both his ears, which lapped and hung over like those of a hound. He was short in person, thick, and strangely bow-legged; and, to complete the uncouth figure, his arms, shooting out from under a high knot, that gathered like an epaulette upon each shoulder, possessed but a single though rather long bone, and terminated in a thick, squab, bur-like hand, having fingers, themselves inflexible, and but of single joints, and tipped, not with nails, but with claws, somewhat like those of the panther, and equally fearful in strife. Such was the vague general outline which, now and then, the Indian hunter, and, after him, the Georgia squatter, caught, towards evening, of the wandering Logoochie, as he stole suddenly from sight into the sheltering copse, that ran along the edges of some wide savannah.

The brother divinities of the Creek warriors had gone after their tribes, and Logoochie alone remained upon the banks of the Sweet Water Branch. He remained in spite of many reasons for departure. The white borderer came nigher and nigher, with every succeeding day. The stout log-house started up in the centre of his favorite groves, and many families, clustering

within a few miles of his favorite stream, formed the nucleus of the flourishing little town of St. Mary's. Still he lingered, though with a sadness of spirit, hourly increasing, as every hour tended more and more to circumscribe the haunts of his playful wandering. Every day called upon him to deplore the overthrow, by the woodman's axe, of some well remembered tree in his neighborhood; and though he strove, by an industrious repetition of his old tricks, to prevent much of this desolation, yet the divinities which the white man brought with him were too potent for Logoochie. In vain did he gnaw by night the sharp edge of the biting steel, with which the squatter wrought so much desolation. Alas! the white man had an art given him by his God, by which he smoothed out its repeated gaps, and sharpened it readily again, or found a new one, for the destruction of the forest. Over and over again, did Logoochie think to take the trail of his people, and leave a spot in which a petty strife of this nature had become, though a familiar, a painful practice; but then, as he thought of the humiliating acknowledgment which, by so doing, he must offer to his brother gods, his pride came to his aid, and he determined to remain where he was. Then again, as he rambled along the sweet waters of the

branch, and talked pleasantly with the trees, his old acquaintance, and looked down upon little groups of Indians that occasionally came to visit this or that tumulus of the buried nations, he felt a sweet pleasure in the thought, that although all were gone of the old possessors, and a new people and new gods had come to sway the lands of his outlawed race, he still should linger and watch over, with a sacred regard, the few relics, and the speechless trophies, which the forgotten time had left them. He determined to remain still, as he long had been, the presiding genius of the place.

V.

From habit, at length, it came to Logoochie to serve, with kind offices, the white settlers, just as he had served the red men before him. He soon saw that, in many respects, the people dwelling in the woods, however different their color and origin, must necessarily resemble one another. They were in some particulars equally wild and equally simple. He soon discovered, too, that however much they might profess indifference to the superstitions of the barbarous race they had superseded, they were not a whit more secure from the occa-

sional tremors which followed his own practices or presence. More than once had he marked the fright of the young woodman, as, looking towards nightfall over his left shoulder, he had beheld the funny twinkling eyes, and the long slit mouth, receding suddenly into the bush behind him. This assured Logoochie of the possession still, even with a new people, of some of that power which he had exercised upon the old ; and when he saw, too, that the character of the white man was plain, gentle, and unobtrusive, he came, after a brief study, to like him also ; though, certainly, in less degree, than his Indian predecessors. From one step of his acquaintance with the new comers to another, Logoochie at length began to visit, at stolen periods, and to prowl around the little cottage, of the squatter ; — sometimes playing tricks upon his household, but more frequently employing himself in the analysis of pursuits, and of a character, as new almost to him as to the people whose places they had assumed. Nor will this seeming ignorance, on the part of Logoochie, subtract a single jot from his high pretension as an Indian god, since true philosophy and a deliberate reason, must, long since, have been aware, that the mythological rule of every people, has been adapted, by the superior of all, to their mental

and physical condition ; and the Great Manneyto of the savage, in his primitive state, was, doubtless, as wise a provision for him then, as, in our time, has been the faith, which we proudly assume to be the close correlative of the highest point of moral liberty and social refinement.

VI.

In this way, making new discoveries daily, and gradually becoming known himself, though vaguely, to the simple cottagers around him, he continued to pass the time with something more of satisfaction than before ; though still suffering pain at every stroke of the sharp and smiting axe, as it called up the deploring echoes of the rapidly yielding forest. Day and night he was busy, and he resumed, *in extenso*, many of the playful humors, which used to annoy the savages and compel their homage. It is true, the acknowledgment of the white man was essentially different from that commonly made by the Indians. When their camp-pots were broken, their hatchets blunted, their bows and arrows warped, or they had suffered any other such mischief at his hands, they solemnly deprecated his wrath, and offered him tribute to

disarm his hostility. All that Logoochie could extort from the borderer, was a sullen oath, in which the tricky spirit was identified with no less a person than the devil, the Opitchi-Manneyto of the southern tribes. This — as Logoochie well knew the superior rank of that personage with his people — he esteemed a compliment ; and its utterance was at all times sufficiently grateful in his ears to neutralize his spleen at the moment. In addition to this, the habit of smoking more frequently and freely than the Indians, so common to the white man, contributed wonderfully to commend him to the favor of Logoochie. The odor in his nostrils was savory in the extreme, and he consequently regarded the smoker as tendering, in this way, the deprecatory sacrifice, precisely as the savages had done before him. So grateful, indeed, was the oblation to his taste, that often, of the long summer evening, would he gather himself into a bunch, in the thick branches of the high tree overhanging the log-house, to inhale the reeking fumes that were sent up by the half oblivious woodman, as he lay reposing under its grateful shadow.

VII.

There was one of these little cottages, which, for this very reason, Logoochie found great delight in visiting. It was tenanted by a sturdy old farmer, named Jones, and situated on the skirts of the St. Mary's village, about three miles from the Branch of Sweet Water, the favorite haunt of Logoochie. Jones had a small family — consisting, besides himself, of his wife, his sister — a lady of certain age, and monstrous demure — and a daughter, Mary Jones, as sweet a May-flower as the eye of a good taste would ever wish to dwell upon. She was young — only sixteen, and had not yet learned a single one of the thousand arts, which, in making a fine coquette, spoil usually a fine woman. She thought purely, and freely said all that she thought. Her old father loved her — her mother loved her, and her aunt, she loved her too, and proved it, by doing her own, and the scolding of all the rest, whenever the light-hearted Mary said more in her eyes, or speech, than her aunt's conventional sense of propriety deemed absolutely necessary to be said. This family Logoochie rather loved, — whether 'it was because

farmer Jones did more smoking than any of the neighbors, or his sister more scolding, or his wife more sleeping, or his daughter more loving, we say not, but such certainly was the fact. Mary Jones had learned this latter art, if none other. A tall and graceful lad in the settlement, named Johnson, had found favor in her sight, and she in his; and it was not long before they made the mutual discovery. He was a fine youth, and quite worthy of the maiden; but then he was of an inquiring, roving temper, and though not yet arrived at manhood, frequently indulged in rambles, rather startling, even to a people whose habit in that respect is somewhat proverbial. He had gone in his wanderings even into the heart of the Okephanokee Swamp, and strange were the wonders, and wild the stories, which he gave of that region of Indian fable — a region, about which they have as many and as beautiful traditions, as any people can furnish from the store house of its primitive romance. This disposition on the part of Ned Johnson, though productive of much disquiet to his friends and family, they hoped to overcome or restrain, by the proposed union with Mary Jones — a connexion seemingly acceptable to all parties. Mary, like most other good young ladies, had no doubt, indeed, of her power to con-

trol her lover in his wanderings, when once they were man and wife ; and he, like most good young gentlemen in like cases, did not scruple to swear a thousand times, that her love would be as a chain about his feet, too potent to suffer him the slightest indulgence of his rambling desires.

VIII.

So things stood, when, one day, what should appear in the Port of St. Mary's—the Pioneer of the Line—but a vessel—a schooner—a brightly painted, sharp, cunning looking craft, all the way from the eastern waters, and commanded by one of that daring tribe of Yankees, which will one day control the commercial world. Never had such a craft shown its face in those waters, and great was the excitement in consequence. †The people turned out, *en masse*, — men, women, and children, — all gathered upon the sands at the point to which she was approaching, and while many stood dumb with mixed feelings of wonder and consternation, others, more bold and elastic, shouted with delight. Ned Johnson led this latter class, and almost rushed into the waters to meet the new comer, clapping his hands and screaming

like mad. Logoochie himself, from the close hugging branches of a neighboring tree, looked down, and wondered and trembled as he beheld the fast rushing progress toward him of what might be a new and more potent God. Then, when her little cannon, ostentatiously large for the necessity, belched forth its thunders from her side, the joy and the terror was universal. The rude divinity of the red men leaped down headlong from his place of eminence, and bounded on without stopping, until removed from the sight and the shouting, in the thick recesses of the neighboring wood ; while the children of the squatters taking to their heels, went bawling and squalling back to the village, never thinking for a moment to reach it alive. The schooner cast her anchor, and her captain came to land. Columbus looked not more imposing, leaping first to the virgin soil of the New World, than our worthy down-easter, commencing, for the first time, a successful trade in onions, potatoes, codfish, and crab-cider, with the delighted Georgians of our little village. All parties were overjoyed, and none more so than our young lover, Master Edward Jonnson. He drank in with willing ears, and a still thirsting appetite, the narrative which the Yankee captain gave the villagers of his voyage. His long yarn,

be sure, was stuffed with wonders. The new comer soon saw from Johnson's looks how greatly he had won the respect and consideration of the youthful wanderer, and, accordingly, addressed some of his more spirited and romantic adventures purposely to him. Poor Mary Jones beheld, with dreadful anticipations, the voracious delight which sparkled in the eyes of Ned as he listened to the marvellous narrative, and had the thing been at all possible or proper, she would have insisted, for the better control of the erratic boy, that old Parson-Collins should at once do his duty, and give her legal authority to say to her lover—"obey, my dear, — stay at home, or," etc. She went back to the village in great tribulation, and Ned—he stayed behind with Captain Nicodemus Doolittle, of the "Smashing Nancy."

IX.

Now Nicodemus, or, as they familiarly called him "Old Nick," was a wonderfully 'cute personage; and as he was rather slack of hands—was not much of a penman or grammarian, and felt that in his new trade he should need greatly the assistance of one to whom the awful school mys-

tery of fractions and the rule of three had, by a kind fortune, been developed duly — he regarded the impression which he had obviously made upon the mind of Ned Johnson, as promising to neutralize, if he could secure him, some few of his own deficiencies. To this end, therefore, he particularly addressed himself, and, as might be suspected, under the circumstances, he was eminently successful. The head of the youth was soon stuffed full of the wonders of the sea; and after a day or two of talk, all round the subject, in which time, by the way, the captain sold off all his “notions,” he came point blank to the subject in the little cabin of the schooner. Doolittle sat over against him with a pile of papers before him, some of which, to the uneducated down-easter, were grievous mysteries, calling for a degree of arithmetical knowledge which was rather beyond his capacity. His sales and profits — his accounts with creditors and debtors — were to be registered, and these required him to reconcile the provoking cross currencies of the different states — the York shilling, the Pennsylvania levy, the Georgia thrip, the pickayune of Louisiana, the Carolina fourpence — and this matter was, alone, enough to bother him. He knew well enough how to count the coppers on hearing them. No man was more expert at that. But the difficulty of

bringing them into one currency on paper, called for a more experienced accountant than our worthy captain ; and the youth wondered to behold the ease with which so great a person could be bothered. Doolittle scratched his head in vain. He crossed his right leg over his left, but still he failed to prove his sum. He reversed the movement, and the left now lay problematically of the right. The product was very hard to find. He took a sup of cider, and then he thought things began to look a little clearer ; but a moment after all was cloud again, and at length the figures absolutely seemed to run into one another. He could stand it no longer, and slapped his hand down, at length, with such emphasis upon the table, as to startle the poor youth, who, all the while, had been dreaming of plunging and wriggling dolphins, seen in all their gold and glitter, three feet or less in the waters below the advancing prow of the ship. The start which Johnson made, at once showed the best mode to the captain of extrication from his difficulty.

“ There — there, my dear boy, — take some cider — only a little — do you good — best thing in the world — There, — and now do run up these figures, and see how we agree.”

Ned was a clever led, and used to stand head

of his class. He unravelled the mystery in little time — reconciled the cross-currency of the several sovereign states, and was rewarded by his patron with a hearty slap upon the shoulder, and another cup of cider. It was not difficult after this to agree, and half fearing that all the while he was not doing right by Mary Jones, he dashed his signature, in a much worse hand than he was accustomed to write, upon a printed paper which Doolittle thrust to him across the table.

“And now, my dear boy,” said the captain, “you are my secretary, and shall have best berth, and place along with myself, in the ‘Smashing Nancy.’ ”

X.

The bargain had scarcely been struck, and the terms well adjusted with the Yankee captain, before Ned Johnson began to question the propriety of what he had done. He was not so sure that he had not been hasty, and felt that the pain his departure would inflict upon Mary Jones, would certainly be as great in degree, as the pleasure which his future adventures must bring to himself. Still, when he looked forward to those adventures,

and remembered the thousand fine stories of Captain Doolittle, his dreams came back, and with them came a due forgetfulness of the hum-drum happiness of domestic life. The life in the woods, indeed — as if there was life, strictly speaking, in the eternal monotony of the pine forests, and the drowsy hum they keep up so ceaselessly. Wood-chopping, too, was his aversion, and when he reflected upon the acknowledged superiority of his own over all the minds about him, he felt that his destiny called upon him for better things, and a more elevated employment. He gradually began to think of Mary Jones, as of one of those influences which had substracted somewhat from the nature and legitimate exercises of his own genius; and whose claims, therefore, if acknowledged by him, as she required, must only be acknowledged at the expense and sacrifice of the higher pursuits and purposes for which the discriminating Providence had designed him. The youth's head was fairly turned by his ambitious yearnings, and it was strange how sublimely metaphysical his musings now made him. He began to analyze closely the question, since made a standing one among the phrenologists, as to how far particular heads were intended for particular pursuits. General principles were soon applied to special developments in his own case, and he came to the conclusion, just as

he placed his feet upon the threshold of Father Jones's cottage, that he should be contending with the aim of fate, and the original design of the Deity in his own creation, if he did not go with Captain Nicodemus Doolittle, of the "Smashing Nanty."

XI.

"Ahem! Mary—" said Ned, finding the little girl conveniently alone, half sorrowful, and turning the whizzing spinning wheel.

"Ahem, Mary—ahem—" and as he brought forth the not very intelligible introduction, his eye had in it a vague-indeterminateness that looked like confusion, though, truth to speak, his head was high and confident enough.

"Well, Ned—"

"Ahem! ah, Mary, what did you think of the beautiful vessel. Was n't she fine, eh?"

"Very—very fine, Ned, though she was so large, and, when the great gun was fired, my heart beat so—I was so frightened, Ned—that I was."

"Frightened—why what frightened you, Mary," exclaimed Ned proudly—"that was grand,

and as soon as we get to sea, I shall shoot it off myself."

"Get to sea — why, Ned — get to sea. Oh, dear, why — what do you mean?" and the bewildered girl, half conscious only, yet doubting her senses, now left the wheel, and came toward the contracted secretary of Captain Doolittle.

"Yes, get to sea, Mary. What! don't you know I'm going with the captain clear away to New York?"

Now, how should she know, poor girl? He knew that she was ignorant; but as he did not feel satisfied of the propriety of what he had done, his phraseology had assumed a somewhat indirect and distorted complexion.

"You going with the Yankee, Ned — you don't say."

"Yes, but I do — and what if he is a Yankee, and sells notions — I'm sure, there's no harm in that; he's a main smart fellow, Mary, and such wonderful things as he has seen, it would make your hair stand on end to hear him. I'll see them too, Mary, and then tell you."

"Oh, Ned, — you're only joking now — you don't mean it, Ned — you only say so to tease me — Isn't it so, Ned — say it is — say yes, dear Ned, only say yes."

And the poor girl caught his arm, with all the confiding warmth of an innocent heart, and as the tears gathered slowly, into big drops, in her eyes, and they were turned appealingly up to his, the heart of the wanderer smote him for the pain it had inflicted upon one so gentle. In that moment, he felt that he would have given the world to get off from his bargain with the captain ; but this mood lasted not long. His active imagination, provoking a curious thirst after the unknown ; and his pride, which suggested the weakness of a vacillating purpose, all turned and stimulated him to resist and refuse the prayer of the conciliating affection, then beginning to act within him in rebuke. Speaking through his teeth, as if he dreaded that he should want firmness, he resolutely reiterated what he had said ; and, while the sad girl listened, silently, as one thunder struck, he went on to give a glowing description of the wonderful discoveries in store for him during the proposed voyage. Mary sunk back upon her stool, and the spinning wheel went faster than ever ; but never in her life had she broken so many tissues. He did his best at consolation, but the true hearted girl, though she did not the less suffer as he pleaded, at least forbore all complaint. The thing seemed irrevocable, and so she resigned herself,

like a true woman, to the imperious necessity. Ned, after a while, adjusted his plaited straw to his cranium, and sallied forth with a due importance in his strut, but with a swelling something at his heart, which he tried in vain to quiet.

XII.

And what of poor Mary — the disconsolate, the deserted and denied of love. She said nothing, ate her dinner in silence, and then putting on her bonnet, prepared to sally forth in a solitary ramble.

“What ails it, child,” said old Jones, with a rough tenderness of manner.

“Where going, baby?” asked her mother, half asleep.

“Out again, Mary Jones — out again,” vociferously shouted the antique aunt, who did all the family scolding.

The little girl answered them all meekly, without the slightest show of impatience, and proceeded on her walk.

The “Branch of Sweet Water,” now known by this name to all the villagers of St. Mary’s, was then, as it was supposed to be his favorite


place of abode, commonly styled, "The Branch of Logoochie." The Indians — such stragglers as either lingered behind their tribes, or occasionally visited the old scenes of their home, — had made the white settlers somewhat acquainted with the character, and the supposed presence of that playful God, in the region thus assigned him; and though not altogether assured of the idleness of the superstition, the young and innocent Mary Jones had no apprehensions of his power. She, indeed, had no reason for fear, for Logoochie had set her down, long before, as one of his favorites. He had done her many little services, of which she was unaware, nor was she the only member of her family indebted to his ministering good will. He loved them all — all but the scold, and many of the annoyances to which the old maid was subject, arose from this antipathy of Logoochie. But to return.

It was in great tribulation that Mary set out for her usual ramble along the banks of the "Sweet Water." Heretofore most of her walks in that quarter had been made in company with her lover. Here, perched in some sheltering oak, or safely doubled up behind some swollen pine, the playful Logoochie, himself unseen, a thousand times looked upon the two lovers, as, with linked arms, and

spirits maintaining, as it appeared, a perfect union, they walked in the shade during the summer afternoon. Though sportive and mischievous, such sights were pleasant to one who dwelt alone; and there were many occasions, when, their love first ripening into expression, he would divert from their path, by some little adroit art or management of his own, the obtrusive and unsympathising woodman, who might otherwise have spoiled the sport which he could not be permitted to share. Under his unknown sanction and service, therefore, the youthful pair had found love a rapture, until, at length, poor Mary had learned to regard it as a necessary too. She knew the necessity from the privation, as she now rambled alone; her wandering lover meanwhile improving his knowledge by some additional chit-chat, on matters and things in general, with the captain, with whom he had that day dined heartily on codfish and potatoes, a new dish to young Johnson, which gave him an additional idea of the vast resources of the sea.

XIII.

Mary Jones at length trod the banks of the Sweet Water, and footing it along the old pathway to where the rivulet narrowed, she stood under the gigantic tree which threw its sheltering and concealing arms completely across the stream. With an old habit, rather than a desire for its refreshment, she took the gourd from the limb whence it depended, *pro bono publico*, over the water, and scooping up a draught of the innocent beverage, she proceeded to drink, when, just as she carried the vessel to her lips, a deep moan assailed her ears, as from one in pain, and at a little distance. She looked up, and the moan was repeated, and with increased fervency. She saw nothing, however, and somewhat startled, was about to turn quickly on her way homeward, when a third and more distinct repetition of the moan appealed so strongly to her natural sense of duty, that she could stand it no longer ; and with the noblest of all kinds of courage, for such is the courage of humanity, she hastily tripped over the log which ran across the stream, and proceeded in the direction from whence the sounds had issued. A few



paces brought her in sight of the sufferer, who was no other than our solitary acquaintance, Logoochie. He lay upon the grass, doubled now into a knot, and now stretching and writhing himself about in agony. His whole appearance indicated suffering, and there was nothing equivocal in the expression of his moanings. The astonishment, not to say fright, of the little cottage maiden, may readily be conjectured. She saw, for the first time, the hideous and uncouth outline of his person — the ludicrous combination of feature in his face. She had heard of Logoochie, vaguely; and without giving much, if any credence, to the mysterious tales related by the credulous woodman, returning home at evening, of his encounter in the forest with its pine-bodied divinity; — and now, as she herself looked down upon the suffering and moaning monster, it would be difficult to say, whether curiosity or fear was the most active principle in her bosom. He saw her approach, and he half moved to rise and fly; but a sudden pang, as it seemed, brought him back to a due sense of the evil from which he was suffering, and, looking towards the maiden with a mingled expression of good humor and pain in his countenance, he seemed to implore her assistance. The poor girl did not exactly know what to do, or what to con-
jecture.

ture. What sort of monster was it before her. What queer, distorted, uncouth limbs — what eyes, that twinkled and danced into one another — and what a mouth. She was stupified for a moment, until he spoke, and, stranger still, in a language that she understood. And what a musical voice, — how sweetly did the words roll forth, and how soothingly, yet earnestly, did they strike upon her ear. Language is indeed a god, and powerful before all the rest. His words told her all his misfortunes, and the tones were all-sufficient to inspire confidence in one even more suspicious than our innocent cottager. Besides, humanity was a principle in her heart, while fear was only an emotion, and she did not scruple, where the two conflicted, after the pause for reflection of a moment, to determine in favor of the former. She approached Logoochie — she approached him, firmly determined in her purpose, but trembling all the while. As she drew nigh, the gentle monster stretched himself out at length, patiently extending one foot towards her, and raising it in such a manner as to indicate the place which afflicted him. She could scarce forbear laughing, when she looked closely upon the strange feet. They seemed covered with bark, like that of the small leaved pine tree ; but as she stooped, to her

great surprise, the coating of his sole flew wide as if upon a hinge, showing below it a skin as soft, and white, and tender, seemingly, as her own. There, in the centre of the hollow, lay the cause of his suffering. A poisonous thorn had penetrated, almost to the head, as he had suddenly leaped from the tree, the day before, upon the gun being fired from the "Smashing Nancy." The spot around it was greatly inflamed, and Logoochie, since the accident, had vainly striven, in every possible way, to rid himself of the intruder. His short, inflexible arms, had failed so to reach it as to make his fingers available; and then, having claws rather than nails, he could scarce have done any thing for his own relief, even could they have reached it. He now felt the evil of his isolation, and the danger of his seclusion from his brother divinities. His case was one, indeed, of severe bachelorism; and, doubtless, had his condition been less than that of a deity, the approach of Mary Jones to his aid, at such a moment, would have produced a decided revolution in his domestic economy. Still trembling, the maiden bent herself down to the task, and with a fine courage, that did not allow his uncouth limbs to scare, or his wild and monstrous features to deter, she applied her own small fingers to the foot, and carefully grappling the

head of the wounding thorn with her nails, with a successful effort, she drew it forth, and rid him of his encumbrance. The wood-god leaped to his feet, threw a dozen antics in the air, to the great terror of Mary, then running a little way into the forest, soon returned with a handful of fresh leaves, which he bruised between his fingers, and applied to the irritated and wounded foot. He was well in a moment after, and pointing the astonished Mary to the bush from which he had taken the anointing leaves, thus made her acquainted with one item in the history of Indian pharmacy.

XIV.

“The daughter of the white clay — she has come to Logoochie, — to Logoochie when he was suffering.

“She is a good daughter to Logoochie, and the green spirits who dwell in the forest, they love, and will honor her.

“They will throw down the leaves before her, they will spread the branches above her, they will hum a sweet song in the tree top, when she walks underneath it.

“They will watch beside her, as she sleeps in the shade, in the warm sun of the noon-day,—they will keep the flat viper, and the war rattle, away from her ear.

“They will do this in honor to Logoochie, for they know Logoochie, and he loves the pale daughter. She came to him in his suffering.

“She drew the poison thorn from his foot—she fled not away when she saw him.

“Speak, — let Logoochie hear — there is sorrow in the face of the pale daughter. Logoochie would know it and serve her, for she is sweet in the eye of Logoochie.”

XV.

Thus said, or rather sung, the uncouth god, to Mary, as, after the first emotions of his own joy were over, he beheld the expression of melancholy in her countenance. Somehow, there was something so fatherly, so gentle, and withal, so melodious, in his language, that she soon unbosomed herself to him, telling him freely and in the utmost confidence, though without any hope of relief at his hands, the history of her lover, and the new project for departure which he had now

got in his head. She was surprised, and pleased, when she saw that Logoochie smiled at the narrative. She was not certain, yet she had a vague hope, that he could do something for her relief; and her conjecture was not in vain. He spoke — “Why should the grief be in the heart and the cloud on the face of the maiden? Is not Logoochie to help her? He stands beside her to help. Look, daughter of the pale clay — look! There is power in the leaf that shall serve thee at the bidding of Logoochie; — the bough and the branch have a power for thy good, when Logoochie commands; and the little red-berry which I now pluck from the vine hanging over thee, it is strong with a spirit which is good in thy work, when Logoochie has said in thy service. Lo, I speak to the leaf, and to the bough, and to the berry. They shall speak to the water, and one draught from the branch of Logoochie, shall put chains on the heart of the youth who would go forth with the stranger.”

As he spoke, he gathered the leaf, broke a bough from an overhanging tree, and, with a red berry, pulled from a neighboring vine, approached the Branch of Sweet Water, and turning to the west, muttered a wild spell of Indian power, than threw the tributes into the rivulet. The smooth surface

of the stream was in an instant ruffled — the offerings were whirled suddenly around — the waters broke, boiled, bubbled, and parted, and in another moment, the bough, the berry, and the leaf, had disappeared from their sight.

XVI.

Mary Jones was not a little frightened by these exhibitions, but she was a girl of courage, and having once got over the dread and the novelty of contact with a form so monstrous as that of Logoochie, the after effort was not so great. She witnessed the incantations of the demon without a word, and when they were over, she simply listened to his farther directions, half stupified with what she had seen, and not knowing how much of it to believe. He bade her bring her lover, as had been the custom with them hitherto, to the branch, and persuade him to drink of its waters. When she inquired into its effect, which, at length, with much effort, she ventured to do, he bade her be satisfied, and all would go right. Then, with a word, which was like so much music — a word she did not understand, but which sounded like a parting acknowledgment, — he bounded away

into the woods, and, a moment after, was completely hidden from her sight.

XVII.

Poor Mary, not yet relieved from her surprise, was still sufficiently aroused and excited to believe there was something in it ; and as she moved off on her way home, how full of anticipation was her thoughts — pleasant anticipation, in which her heart took active interest, and warmed, at length, into a strong and earnest hope. She scarcely gave herself time to get home, and never did the distance between Sweet Water Branch and the cottage of her father appear so extravagantly great. She reached it, however, at last ; and there, to her great joy, sat her lover, alongside the old man, and giving him a glowing account, such as he had received from the Yankee captain, of the wonders to be met with in his coming voyage. Old Jones listened patiently, puffing his-pipe all the while, and saying little, but now and then, by way of commentary, uttering an ejaculatory grunt, most commonly, of sneering disapproval.

“ Better stay at home, a d — d sight, Ned Johnson, and follow the plough.”

Ned Johnson, however, thought differently, and it was not the farmer's grunts or growlings that was now to change his mind. Fortunately for the course of true love, there were other influences at work, and the impatience of Mary Jones to try them was evident, in the clumsiness which she exhibited while passing the knife under the thin crust of the corn hoe-cake that night for supper, and laying the thick masses of fresh butter between the smoking and savory-smelling sides, as she turned them apart. The evening wore, at length, and, according to an old familiar habit, the lovers walked forth to the haunted and fairy-like branch of Logoochie, or the Sweet Water. It was the last night in which they were to be together, prior to his departure in the Smashing Nancy. That bouncing vessel and her dexterous captain were to depart with early morning; and it was as little as Ned Johnson could do, to spend that night with his sweetheart. They were both melancholy enough, depend upon it. She, poor girl, hoping much, yet still fearing — for when was true love without fear — she took his arm, hung fondly upon it, and, without a word between them for a long while, inclined him, as it were naturally, in the required direction. Ned really loved her, and was sorry enough when the thought came to him,

that this might be the last night of their association ; but he plucked up courage, with the momentary weakness, and though he spoke kindly, yet he spoke fearlessly, and with a sanguine temper, upon the prospect of the sea-adventure before him. Mary said little — her heart was too full for speech, but she looked up now and then into his eyes, and he saw, by the moonlight, that her own glistened as with tears. He turned away his glance as he saw it, for his heart smote him with the reproach of her desertion.

XVIII.

They came at length to the charmed streamlet, the Branch of the Sweet Water, to this day known for its fascinations. The moon rose sweetly above it, the trees coming out in her soft light, and the scatterings of her thousand beams glancing from the green polish of their crowding leaves. The breeze that rose along with her was soft and wooing as herself; while the besprinkling fleece of the small white clouds, clustering along the sky, and flying from her splendors, made the scene, if possible, far more fairy-like and imposing. It was a scene for love, and the heart of Ned Johnson

grew more softened than ever. His desire for adventure grew modified ; and when Mary bent to the brooklet, and scooped up the water for him to drink, with the water-gourd that hung from the bough, wantoning in the breeze that loved to play over the pleasant stream, Ned could not help thinking she never looked more beautiful. The water trickled from the gourd as she handed it to him, falling like droppings of the moonshine again into its parent stream. You should have seen her eye — so full of hope — so full of doubt — so beautiful — so earnest, — as he took the vessel from her hands. For a moment he hesitated, and then how her heart beat and her limbs trembled. But he drank off the contents at a draught, and gave no sign of emotion. Yet his emotions were strange and novel. It seemed as if so much ice had gone through his veins in that moment. He said nothing, however, and dipping up a gourd full for Mary, he hung the vessel again upon the pendant bough, and the two moved away from the water — not, however, before the maiden caught a glimpse, through the intervening foliage, of those two queer, bright, little eyes of Logoochie, with a more delightful activity than ever, dancing gayly into one.

XIX.

But the spell had been effectual, and a new nature filled the heart of him, who had heretofore sighed vaguely for the unknown. The roving mood had entirely departed ; he was no longer a wanderer in spirit, vexed to be denied. A soft languor overspread his form — a weakness gathered and grew about his heart, and he now sighed unconsciously. How soft, yet how full of emphasis, was the pressure of Mary's hand upon his arm as she heard that sigh ; and how forcibly did it remind the youth that she who walked beside him was his own — his own forever. With the thought came a sweet perspective — a long vista rose up before his eyes, crowded with images of repose and plenty, such as the domestic nature likes to dream of.

“Oh, Mary, I will not go with this captain — I will not. I will stay at home with you, and we shall be married.”

Thus he spoke, as the crowding thoughts, such as we have described, came up before his fancy.

“Will you — shall we ? Oh, dear Edward, I am so happy.”

And the maiden blessed Logoochie, as she uttered her response of happy feeling.

"I will, dear — but I must hide from Doolittle. I have signed papers to go with him, and he will be so disappointed — I must hide from him."

"Why must you hide, Edward — he cannot compel you to go, unless you please; and you just to be married."

Edward thought she insisted somewhat unnecessarily upon the latter point, but he replied to the first.

"I am afraid he can. I signed papers — I don't know what they were, for I was rash and foolish — but they bound me to go with him, and unless I keep out of the way, I shall have to go."

"Oh, dear — why, Ned, where will you go — you must hide close, — I would not have him find you for the world."

"I reckon not. As to the hiding, I can go where all St. Mary's can't find me; and that's in Okephanokee."

"Oh, don't go so far — it is so dangerous, for some of the Seminoles are there!"

"And what if they are? — I don't care *that* for the Seminoles. They never did me any harm, and never will. But, I shan't go quite so far. Bull swamp is close enough for me, and there I

can watch the 'Smashing Nancy' 'till she gets out to sea."

XX.

Having thus determined, it was not long before Ned Johnson made himself secure in his place of retreat, while Captain Doolittle, of the "Smashing Nancy," in great tribulation, ransacked the village of St. Mary's in every direction for his articulated seaman, for such Ned Johnson had indeed become. Doolittle deserved to lose him for the trick which, in this respect, he had played upon the boy. His search proved fruitless, and he was compelled to sail at last. Ned, from the top of a high tree on the edge of Bull swamp, watched his departure, until the last gleam of the white sail flitted away from the horizon; then descending, he made his way back to St. Mary's, and it was not long before he claimed and received the hand of his pretty cottager in marriage. Logoochie was never seen in the neighborhood after this event. His accident had shown him the necessity of keeping with his brethren, for, reasoning from all analogy, gods must be social animals not less

than men. But, in departing, he forgot to take the spell away which he had put upon the Sweet Water Branch; and to this day, the stranger, visiting St. Mary's, is warned not to drink from the stream, unless he proposes to remain; for still, as in the case of Ned Johnson, it binds the feet and enfeebles the enterprise of him who partakes of its pleasant waters.



JOCASSÉE.

A story of the old-time Cherokee,
Of a true-love, that, like an angel's breath,
Hath a sweet fragrance, still surviving death,
And a bloom Time can touch not — won from high;
A flow'r — for such is true love — of the sky.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

29

30

31

32

33

34

35

36

37

38

39

40

41

42

43

44

45

46

47

48

49

50

51

52

JOCASSÉE.

I.

“KEOWEE Old Fort,” as the people in that quarter style it, is a fine antique ruin and relic of the revolution, in the district of Pendleton, South Carolina. The region of country in which we find it, of itself, is highly picturesque and interesting. The broad river of Keowee, which runs through it, though comparatively small, as a stream, in America, would put to shame, by its size, not less than its beauty, one half of the far-famed and boasted rivers of Europe; — and then the mountains, through and among which it winds its way, embody more of beautiful situation and romantic prospect, than art can well figure to the eye, or language convey to the imagination. To understand, you must see it. Words are of little

avail when the ideas overcrowd utterance; and even vanity itself is content to be dumb in the awe inspired by a thousand prospects, like Niagara, the ideal of a god, and altogether beyond the standards common to humanity.

It is not long since I wandered through this interesting region, under the guidance of my friend, Col. G——, who does the honors of society, in that quarter, with a degree of ease and unostentatious simplicity, which readily makes the visiter at home. My friend was one of those citizens to whom one's own country is always of paramount interest, and whose mind and memory, accordingly, have been always most happily employed when storing away and digesting into pleasing narrative those thousand little traditions of the *genius loci*, which give life to rocks and valleys, and people earth with the beautiful colors and creatures of the imagination. These, for the gratification of the spiritual seeker, he had forever in readiness; and, with him to illustrate them, it is not surprising if the grove had a moral existence in my thoughts, and all the waters around breathed, and were instinct with poetry. To all his narratives I listened with a satisfaction which book-stories do not often afford me. The more he told, the more he had to tell; for nothing staled

"His infinite variety."

There may have been something in the style of telling his stories ; there was much, certainly, that was highly attractive in his manner of doing every thing, and this may have contributed not a little to the success of his narratives. Perhaps, too, my presence, upon the very scene of each legend, may have given them a life and a *vraisemblance* they had wanted otherwise.

In this manner, rambling about from spot to spot, I passed five weeks, without being, at any moment, conscious of time's progress. Day after day, we wandered forth in some new direction, contriving always to secure, and without effort, that pleasurable excitement of novelty, for which the great city labors in vain, spite of her varying fashions, and crowding, and not always innocent indulgences. From forest to river, from hill to valley, still on horseback, — for the mountainous character of the country forbade any more luxurious form of travel, — we kept on our way, always changing our ground with the night, and our prospect with the morning. In this manner we travelled over or round the Six Mile, and the Glassy, and a dozen other mountains ; and sometimes, with a yet greater scope of adventure,

pushed off on a much longer ramble, — such as took us to the falls of the White Water, and gave us a glimpse of the beautiful river of Jocassée, named sweetly after the Cherokee maiden, who threw herself into its bosom on beholding the scalp of her lover dangling from the neck of his conqueror. The story is almost a parallel to that of the sister of Horatius, with this difference, that our Cherokee girl did not wait for the vengeance of her brother, and altogether spared her reproaches. I tell the story, which is pleasant and curious, in the language of my friend, from whom I first heard it.

II.

“The Occonies and the Little Estatoees, or, rather, the Brown Vipers and the Green Birds, were both minor tribes of the Cherokee nation, between whom, as was not unfrequently the case, there sprung up a deadly enmity. The Estatoees had their town on each side of the two creeks, which, to this day, keep their name, and on the eastern side of the Keowee river. The Occonies occupied a much larger extent of territory, but it lay on the opposite, or west side of the same river.

Their differences were supposed to have arisen from the defeat of Chatuga, a favorite leader of the Occonies, who aimed to be made a chief of the nation at large. The Estatoee warrior, Toxaway, was successful; and as the influence of Chatuga was considerable with his tribe, he labored successfully to engender in their bosoms a bitter dislike of the Estatoees. This feeling was made to exhibit itself on every possible occasion. The Occonies had no word too foul by which to describe the Estatoees. They likened them, in familiar speech, to every thing which, in the Indian imagination, is accounted low and contemptible. In reference to war, they were reputed women, — in all other respects, they were compared to dogs and vermin; and, with something of a Christian taste and temper, they did not scruple, now and then, to invoke the devil of their more barbarous creed, for the eternal disquiet of their successful neighbors, the Little Estatoees, and their great chief, Toxaway.

“In this condition of things there could not be much harmony; and, accordingly, as if by mutual consent, there was but little intercourse between the two people. When they met, it was either to regard one another with a cold, repulsive distance, or else, as enemies, actively to foment

quarrel and engage in strife. But seldom, save on national concerns, did the Estatoees cross the Keowee to the side held by the Oconies; and the latter, more numerous, and therefore less reluctant for strife than their rivals, were yet not often found on the opposite bank of the same river. Sometimes, however, small parties of hunters from both tribes, rambling in one direction or another, would pass into the enemy's territory; but this was not frequent, and when they met, quarrel and bloodshed were sure to mark the adventure.

“But there was one young warrior of the Estatoees, who did not give much heed to this condition of parties, and who, moved by an errant spirit, and wholly insensible to fear, would not hesitate, when the humor seized him, to cross the river, making quite as free, when he did so, with the hunting-grounds of the Oconies as they did themselves. This sort of conduct did not please the latter very greatly, but Nagoochie was always so gentle, and at the same time so brave, that the young warriors of Ocony either liked or feared him too much to throw themselves often in his path, or labor, at any time, to arrest his progress.

“In one of these excursion, Nagoochie made the acquaintance of Jocassée, one of the sweetest

of the dusky daughters of Occony. He was rambling, with bow and quiver, in pursuit of game, as was his custom, along that beautiful enclosure, which the whites have named after her, the Jocassee valley. The circumstances under which they met were all strange and exciting, and well calculated to give her a power over the young hunter, to which the pride of the Indian does not often suffer him to submit. It was towards evening when Nagoochie sprung a fine buck from a hollow of the wood along side him, and just before you reach the ridge of rocks which hem in and form this beautiful valley. With the first glimpse of his prey, flew the keen shaft of Nagoochie; but, strange to say, though renowned as a hunter, not less than as a warrior, the arrow failed entirely, and flew wide of the victim. Off he bounded headlong after the fortunate buck; but though, every now and then, getting him within range, — for the buck took the pursuit coolly, — the hunter still most unaccountably failed to strike him. Shaft after shaft had fallen seemingly hurtless from his sides; and though, at frequent intervals, suffered to approach so nigh to the animal that he could not but hope still for better fortune, to his great surprise, the wary buck would dash off when he least expected it, bounding away in some

new direction, with as much life and vigor as ever. What to think of this, the hunter knew not ; but such repeated disappointments at length impressed it strongly upon his mind, that the object he pursued was neither more nor less than an Ocoony wizard, seeking to entrap him ; so, with a due feeling of superstition, and a small touch of sectional venom aroused into action within his heart, Nagoochie, after the manner of his people, promised a green bird — the emblem of his tribe — in sacrifice to the tutelar divinity of Estado, if he could only be permitted to overcome the potent enchanter, who had thus dazzled his aim and blunted his arrows. He had hardly uttered this vow, when he beheld the insolent deer mincingly grazing upon a beautiful tuft of long grass in the valley, just below the ledge of rock upon which he stood. Without more ado, he pressed forward to bring him within fair range of his arrows, little doubting, at the moment, that the Good Spirit had heard his prayer, and had granted his desire. But, in his hurry, leaping too hastily forward, and with eyes fixed only upon his proposed victim, his foot was caught by the smallest stump in the world, and the very next moment found him precipitated directly over the rock and into the valley, within a few paces of the deer, who made off

with the utmost composure, looking back, as he did so, to the eyes of the wounded hunter, for all the world as if he enjoyed the sport mightily. Nagoochie, as he saw this, gravely concluded that he had fallen a victim to the wiles of the Ocony wizard, and looked confidently to see half a score of Oconies upon him, taking him at a vantage. Like a brave warrior, however, he did not despond, but determining to gather up his loins for battle and the torture, he sought to rise and put himself in a state of preparation. What, however, was his horror, to find himself utterly unable to move ; — his leg had been broken in the fall, and he was covered with bruises from head to foot.

“ Nagoochie gave himself up for lost ; but he had scarcely done so, when he heard a voice, — the sweetest, he thought, he had ever heard in his life, — singing a wild, pleasant song, such as the Oconies love, which, ingeniously enough, summed up the sundry reasons why the mouth, and not the eyes, had been endowed with the faculty of eating. These reasons were many, but the last is quite enough for us. According to the song, had the eyes, and not the mouth, been employed for this purpose, there would soon be a famine in the land, for of all gluttons, the eyes are the greatest. Nagoochie groaned aloud, as he heard the

song, the latter portion of which completely indicated the cause of his present misfortune. It was, indeed, the gluttony of the eyes which had broken his leg. This sort of allegory the Indians are fond of, and Jocassée knew all their legends. Certainly, thought Nagoochie, though his leg pained him wofully at the time, — certainly I never heard such sweet music, and such a voice. The singer advanced as she sung, and almost stumbled over him.

“ ‘ Who are you ? ’ she asked timidly, neither retreating nor advancing ; and, as the wounded man looked into her face, he blessed the Ocony wizard, by whose management he deemed his leg to have been broken.

“ ‘ Look ? ’ was the reply of the young warrior, throwing aside the bearskin which covered his bosom, — ‘ look, girl of Ocony ! ’tis the *totem* of a chief ;’ and the green bird stamped upon his left breast, as the badge of his tribe, showed him a warrior of Estado, and something of an enemy. But his eyes had no enmity, and then the broken leg ! Jocassée was a gentle maiden, and her heart melted with the condition of the warrior. She made him a sweet promise, in very pretty language, and with the very same voice, the music of which was so delicious ; and then, with the fleet-

ness of a young doe, she went off to bring him succor.

III.

“Night, in the meanwhile, came on ; and the long howl of the wolf, as he looked down from the crag, and waited for the thick darkness in which to descend the valley, came freezingly to the ear of Nagoochie. ‘Surely,’ he said to himself, ‘the girl of Ocony will come back. She has too sweet a voice not to keep her word. She will certainly come back.’ While he doubted, he believed. Indeed, though still a very young maiden, the eyes of Jocassée had in them a great deal that was good for little beside, than to persuade, and force conviction ; and the belief in them was pretty extensive in the circle of her rustic acquaintance. All people love to believe in fine eyes, and nothing more natural than for lovers to swear by them. Nagoochie did not swear by those of Jocassée, but he did most religiously believe in them ; and though the night gathered fast, and the long howl of the wolf came close from his crag, down into the valley, the young

hunter of the green bird did not despair of the return of the maiden.

“She did return, and the warrior was insensible. But the motion stirred him ; the lights gleamed upon him from many torches ; he opened his eyes, and when they rested upon Jocassée, they forgot to close again. She had brought aid enough, for her voice was powerful as well as musical ; and, taking due care that the totem of the green bird should be carefully concealed by the bearskin, with which her own hands covered his bosom, she had him lifted upon a litter, constructed of several young saplings, which, interlaced with withes, binding it closely together, and strewn thickly with leaves, made a couch as soft as the wounded man could desire. In a few hours, and the form of Nagoochie rested beneath the roof of Attakulla, the sire of Jocassée. She sat beside the young hunter, and it was her hand that placed the pure balm upon his lips, and poured into his wounds and bruises the strong and efficacious balsam of Indian pharmacy.

“Never was nurse more careful of her charge. Day and night she watched by him, and few were the hours which she then required for her own pleasure or repose. Yet why was Jocassée so devoted to the stranger ? She never asked herself so

unnecessary a question ; but as she was never so well satisfied, seemingly, as when near him, the probability is she found pleasure in her tendance. It was fortunate for him and for her, that her father, was not rancorous towards the people of the Green Bird, like the rest of the Occonies. It might have fared hard with Nagoochie otherwise. But Attakulla was a wise old man, and a good ; and when they brought the wounded stranger to his lodge, he freely yielded him shelter, and went forth himself to Chinabee, the wise medicine of the Occonies. The eyes of Nagoochie were turned upon the old chief, and when he heard his name, and began to consider where he was, he was unwilling to task the hospitality of one who might be disposed to regard him, when known, in an unfavorable or hostile light. Throwing aside, therefore, the habit of circumspection, which usually distinguishes the Indian warrior, he uncovered his bosom, and bade the old man look upon the totem of his people, precisely as he had done when his eye first met that of Jocassée.

“ ‘Thy name ? What do the people of the Green Bird call the young hunter ?’ asked Attakulla.

“ ‘They name Nagoochie among the braves of

the Estado : they will call him a chief of the Cherokee, like Toxaway,' was the proud reply.

"This reference was to a sore subject with the Oconies, and perhaps it was quite as imprudent as it certainly was in improper taste for him to make it. But knowing where he was, excited by fever, and having—to say much in little—but an unfavorable opinion of Ocony magnanimity, he was more rash than reasonable. At that moment, too, Jocassée had made her appearance, and the spirit of the young warrior, desiring to look big in her eyes, had prompted him to a fierce speech not altogether necessary. He knew not the generous nature of Attakulla; and when the old man took him by the hand, spoke well of the Green Bird, and called him his 'son,' the pride of Nagoochie was something humbled, while his heart grew gentler than ever. His 'son!' that was the pleasant part; and as the thoughts grew more and more active in his fevered brain, he looked to Jocassée with such a passionate admiration that she sunk back with a happy smile from the flame-glance which he set upon her. And day after day she tended him, until the fever passed off, and the broken limb was set and had reknitted, and the bruises were all healed upon him. Yet he lingered. He did not think himself quite

well, and she always agreed with him in opinion. Once and again did he set off, determined not to return, but his limb pained him, and he felt the fever come back, whenever he thought of Jocas-sée; and so the evening found him again at the lodge, while the fever-balm, carefully bruised in milk, was in as great demand as ever for the invalid. But the spirit of the warrior at length grew ashamed of these weaknesses; and, with a desperate effort, for which he gave himself no little credit, he completed his determination to depart with the coming of the new moon. But even this decision was only effected by compromise. Love settled the affair with conscience, after his own fashion, and under his direction, following the dusky maiden into the little grove that stood beside the cottage, Nagoochie claimed her to fill the lodge of a young warrior of the Green Bird. She broke the wand which he presented her, and seizing upon the torch which she carried, he buried it in the bosom of a neighboring brook, and thus, after their simple forest ceremonial, Jocas-sée became the betrothed of Nagoochie.

IV.

“But we must keep this secret to ourselves, for as yet it remained unknown to Attakulla, and the time could not come for its revealment until the young warrior had gone home to his people. Jocassée was not so sure that all parties would be so ready as herself to sanction her proceeding. Of her father’s willingness, she had no question, for she knew his good nature and good sense ; but she had a brother of whom she had many fears and misgivings. He was away, on a great hunt of the young men, up at Charashilactay, or the falls of the White Water, as we call it to this day — a beautiful cascade of nearly forty feet, the water of which is of a milky complexion. How she longed, yet how she dreaded, to see that brother ? He was a fierce, impetuous, sanguinary youth, who, to these characteristics, added another still more distasteful to Jocassée ; — there was not a man among all the Oconies who so hated the people of the Green Bird as Cheochee. What hopes, or rather what fears, were in the bosom of that maiden !

“ But he came not. Day after day they look-



ed for his return, and yet he came not ; but in his place a runner, with a bearded stick, a stick covered with slips of skin, torn from the body of a wolf. The runner passed by the lodge of Attakulla, and all its inmates were aroused by the intelligence he brought. A wolf-hunt was commanded by Moitoy, the great war-chief or generalissimo of the Cherokee nation, to take place, *instantly*, at Charashilactay, where an immense body of wolves had herded together, and had become troublesome neighbors. Old and young, who had either taste for the adventure, or curiosity to behold it, at once set off upon the summons ; and Attakulla, old as he was, and Nagoochie, whose own great prowess in hunting had made it a passion, determined readily upon the journey. Jocassée, too, joined the company, — for the maidens of Cherokee were bold spirits, as well as beautiful, and loved to ramble, particularly when, as in the present instance, they went in company with their lovers. Lodge after lodge, as they pursued their way, poured forth its inmates, who joined them in their progress, until the company had swollen into a goodly caravan, full of life, anxious for sport, and carrying, as is the fashion among the Indians, provisions of smoked venison and parched grain, in plenty, for many days.

“ They came, at length, to the swelling hills, the long narrow valleys of the Keochee, and its tribute river of Toxaway, named after that great chief of the Little Estatoees, of whom we have already heard something. At one and the same moment, they beheld the white waters of Chashilactay, plunging over the precipice, and the hundred lodges of the Cherokee hunters. There they had gathered — the warriors and their women — twenty different tribes of the same great nation being represented on the ground ; each tribe having its own cluster of cabins, and rising up in the midst of each, the long pole on which hung the peculiar emblem of the clan. It was not long before Nagoochie marshalled himself along with his brother Estatoees — who had counted him lost — under the beautiful green bird of his tribe, which waved about in the wind, over the heads of their small community.

“ The number of warriors representing the Estato in that great hunt was inconsiderable — but fourteen — and the accession, therefore, of so promising a brave as Nagoochie was no small matter. They shouted with joy at his coming, and danced gladly in the ring between the lodges — the young women, in proper taste, and with

due spirit, hailing, with a sweet song, the return of so handsome a youth, and one yet unmarried.

“ Over against the lodges of the Estatoees, lay the more imposing encampment of the rival Occonies, who turned out strongly, as it happened, on this occasion. They were more numerous than any other of the assembled tribes, as the hunt was to take place on a portion of their own territory. Conscious of their superiority, they had not, you may be sure, forborne any of the thousand sneers and sarcasms which they were never at a loss to find when they spoke of the Green Bird warriors; and of all their clan, none was so bitter, so uncompromising, generally, in look, speech, and action, as Cheochee, the fierce brother of the beautiful Jocassée. Scorn was in his eye, and sarcasm on his lips, when he heard the rejoicings made by the Estatoees on the return of the long-lost hunter.

“ ‘ Now wherefore screams the painted bird to-day? why makes he a loud cry in the ears of the brown viper that can strike?’ he exclaimed contemptuously yet fiercely.

“ It was Jocassée that spoke in reply to her brother, with the quickness of woman’s feeling, which they wrong greatly who hold it subservient to the strength of woman’s cunning. In her reply, Cheochee saw the weakness of her heart.

“ ‘They scream for Nagoochie,’ said the girl; ‘it is joy that the young hunter comes back that makes the green bird to sing to-day.’

“ ‘Has Jocassée taken a tongue from the green bird, that she screams in the ears of the brown viper? What has the girl to do with the thought of the warrior? Let her go — go, bring drink to Cheochee.’

“ Abashed and silent, she did as he commanded, and brought meekly to the fierce brother, a gourd filled with the brown beer which the Cherokees love. She had nothing further to say on the subject of the Green Bird warrior, for whom she had already so unwarily spoken. But her words had not fallen unregarded upon the ears of Cheochee, nor had the look of the fond heart which spoke out in her glance, passed unseen by the keen eye of that jealous brother. He had long before this heard of the great fame of Nagoochie as a hunter, and in his ire he was bent to surpass him. Envy had grown into hate, when he heard that this great reputation was that of one of the accursed Estatoees; and, not satisfied with the desire to emulate, he also aimed to destroy. This feeling worked like so much gall in his bosom; and when his eyes looked upon the fine form of Nagoochie, and beheld its symmetry, grace, and

manhood, his desire grew into a furious passion which made him sleepless. The old chief, Attakulla, his father, told him all the story of Nagoochie's accident — how Jocassée had found him ; and how, in his own lodge, he had been nursed and tended. The old man spoke approvingly of Nagoochie ; and, the better to bring about a good feeling for her lover, Jocassée humbled herself greatly to her brother, — anticipated his desires, and studiously sought to serve him. But all this failed to effect a favorable emotion in the breast of the malignant young savage towards the young hunter of the Green Bird. He said nothing, however, of his feelings ; but they looked out and were alive to the sight in every feature, whenever any reference, however small, was made to the subject of his ire. The Indian feeling is subtlety, and Cheochee was a warrior already named by the old chiefs of Cherokee.

V.

“ The next day came the commencement of the great hunt, and the warriors were up betimes and active. Stations were chosen, the keepers of which, converging to a centre, were to hem in

the wild animal on whose tracks they were going. The wolves were known to be in a hollow of the hills near Charashilactay, which had but one outlet; and points of close approximation across this outlet were the stations of honor; for, goaded by the hunters to this passage, and failing of egress in any other, the wolf, it was well known, would be then dangerous in the extreme. Well calculated to provoke into greater activity the jealousies between the Oconies and the Green Birds, was the assignment made by Moitoy, the chief, of the more dangerous of these stations to these two clans. They now stood alongside of one another, and the action of the two promised to be joint and corresponsive. Such an appointment, in the close encounter with the wolf, necessarily promised to bring the two parties into immediate contact; and such was the event. As the day advanced, and the hunters, contracting their circles, brought the different bands of wolves into one, and pressed upon them to the more obvious and indeed the only outlet, the badges of the Green Bird and the Brown Viper—the one consisting of the stuffed skin and plumage of the Carolina parrot, and the other the attenuated viper, filled out with moss, and winding, with erect head, around the pole, to the top of which it was stuck

—were at one moment, in the indiscriminate hunt, almost mingled over the heads of the two parties. Such a sight was pleasant to neither, and would, at another time, of a certainty, have brought about a squabble. As it was, the Occonies drove their badge-carrier from one to the other end of their ranks, thus studiously avoiding the chance of another collision between the viper so adored, and the green bird so detested. The pride of the Estatoees was exceedingly aroused at this exhibition of impertinence, and though a quiet people enough, they began to think that forbearance had been misplaced in their relations with their presuming and hostile neighbors. Had it not been for Nagoochie, who had his own reasons for suffering yet more, the Green Birds would certainly have plucked out the eyes of the Brown Vipers, or tried very hard to do it; but the exhortations to peace of the young warrior, and the near neighborhood of the wolf, quelled any open show of the violence they meditated; but, Indian-like, they determined to wait for the moment of greatest quiet, as that most fitted for taking away a few scalps from the Occony. With a muttered curse, and a contemptuous slap of the hand upon their thighs, the more furious among the Estatoees satisfied their present anger, and then addressed

themselves more directly to the business before them.

“The wolves, goaded to desperation by the sound of hunters strewn all over the hills around them, were now, snapping and snarling, and with eyes that flashed with a terrible anger, descending the narrow gully towards the outlet held by the two rival tribes. A united action was therefore demanded of those who, for a long time past, had been conscious of no feeling or movement in common. But here they had no choice — no time, indeed, to think. The fierce wolves were upon them, doubly furious at finding the only passage stuck full of enemies. Well and manfully did the hunters stand and seek the encounter with the infuriated beasts. The knife and the hatchet, that day, in the hand of Ocony and Estado, did fearful execution. The Brown Vipers fought nobly, and with their ancient reputation. But the Green Birds were the hunters, after all; and they were now stimulated into double adventure and effort, by an honorable ambition to make up for all deficiencies of number by extra valor, and the careful exercise of all that skill in the arts of hunting for which they have always been the most renowned of the tribes of Cherokee. As, one by one, a fearful train, the wolves wound into sight

along this or that crag of the gully, arrow after arrow told fearfully upon them, for there were no marksmen like the Estatoees. Nor did they stop at this weapon. The young Nagoochie, more than ever prompted to such enterprise, led the way ; and dashing into the very path of the teeth-gnashing and claw-rending enemy, he grappled in desperate fight the first that offered himself, and as the wide jaws of his hairy foe opened upon him, with a fearful plunge at his side, adroitly leaping to the right, he thrust a pointed stick down, deep, as far as he could send it, into the monster's throat, then pressing back upon him, with the rapidity of an arrow, in spite of all his fearful writhings he pinned him to the ground, while his knife, in a moment after, played fatally in his heart. Another came, and in a second, his hatchet cleft and crunched deep into the skull of the hairy brute, leaving him senseless, without need of a second stroke. There was no rivalling deeds of valour so desperate as this ; and with increased bitterness of soul did Cheochee and his followers hate in proportion as they admired. They saw the day close, and heard the signal calling them to the presence of the great chief Moitoy, conscious, though superior in numbers, they could not at all compare in skill and success

with the long-despised, but now thoroughly-hated Estatoees.

“ And still more great the vexation, still more deadly the hate, when the prize was bestowed by the hand of Moitoy, the great military chief of Cherokee —when, calling around him the tribes, and carefully counting the number of their several spoils, consisting of the skins of the wolves that had been slain, it was found that of these the greater number, in proportion to their force, had fallen victims to the superior skill or superior daring of the people of the Green Bird. And who had been their leader? the rambling Nagoochie —the young hunter who had broken his leg among the crags of Ocony, and, in the same adventure, no longer considered luckless, had won the young heart of the beautiful Jocassée.

“ They bore the young and successful warrior into the centre of the ring, and before the great Moitoy. He stood up in the presence of the assembled multitude, a brave and fearless, and fine looking Cherokee. At the signal of the chief, the young maidens gathered into a group, and sung around him a song of compliment and approval, which was just as much as to say, — ‘Ask, and you shall have.’ He did ask; and before the people of the Brown Viper could so far re-

cover from their surprise as to interfere, or well comprehend the transaction, the bold Nagoochie had led the then happy Jocassée into the presence of Moitoy and the multitude, and had claimed the girl of Ocony to fill the green lodge of the Estato hunter.

VI.

“That was the signal for uproar and commotion. The Oconies were desperately angered, and the fierce Cheochee, whom nothing, not even the presence of the great war-chief, could restrain, rushed forward, and dragging the maiden violently from the hold of Nagoochie, hurled her backward into the ranks of his people; then, breathing nothing but blood and vengeance, he confronted him with ready knife and uplifted hatchet, defying the young hunter, in that moment, to the fight.

“‘*E-cha-e-cha, e-herro—echa-herro-echa-herro,*’ was the warwhoop of the Oconies; and it gathered them to a man around the sanguinary young chief who uttered it. ‘*Echa-herro, echa-herro,*’ he continued, leaping wildly in air with the paroxysm of rage which had seized him,—‘the brown viper has a tooth for the green bird. The

Ocony is athirst — he would drink blood from the dog-heart of the Estato. *E-cha-e-cha-herro, Ocony.* And again he concluded his fierce speech with that thrilling roll of sound, which, as the so much dreaded warwhoop, brought a death feeling to the heart of the early pioneer, and made the mother clasp closely, in the deep hours of the night, the young and unconscious infant to her bosom. But it had no such influence upon the fearless spirit of Nagoochie. The Estato heard him with cool composure, and though evidently unafraid, it was yet equally evident that he was unwilling to meet the challenger in strife. Nor was his decision called for on the subject. The great chief interposed, and all chance of conflict was prevented by his intervention. In that presence they were compelled to keep the peace, though both the Oconies and Little Estatoes retired to their several lodges with fever in their veins, and a restless desire for that collision which Moitoy had denied them. All but Nagoochie were vexed at this denial; and all of them wondered much that a warrior, so brave and daring as he had always shown himself, should be so backward on such an occasion. It was true, they knew of his love for the girl of Ocony; but

they never dreamed of such a feeling acquiring an influence over the hunter, of so paralyzing and unmanly a character. Even Nagoochie himself, as he listened to some of the speeches uttered around him, and reflected upon the insolence of Cheochee — even he began to wish that the affair might go over again, that he might take the hissing viper by the neck. And poor Jocassee — what of her when they took her back to the lodges? She did nothing but dream all night of Brown Vipers and Green Birds in the thick of battle.

VII.

“The next day came the movement of the hunters, still under the conduct of Moitoy, from the one to the other side of the upper branch of the Keowee river, now called the Jocassée, but which, at that time, went by the name of Sarratay. The various bands prepared to move with the daylight ; and still near, and still in sight of one another, the Oconies and Estatoees took up their line of march with the rest. The long poles of the two, bearing the green bird of the one, and the brown viper of the other, in the hands of their

respective bearers — stout warriors chosen for this purpose with reference to strength and valor — waved in parallel courses, though the space between them was made as great as possible by the common policy of both parties. Following the route of the caravan, which had been formed of the ancient men, the women and children, to whom had been entrusted the skins taken in the hunt, the provisions, utensils for cooking, &c. the great body of hunters were soon in motion for other and better hunting-grounds, several miles distant, beyond the river.

“ The Indian warriors have their own mode of doing business, and do not often travel with the stiff precision which marks European civilization. Though having all one point of destination, each hunter took his own route to gain it, and in this manner asserted his independence. This had been the education of the Indian boy, and this self-reliance is one source of that spirit and character which will not suffer him to feel surprise in any situation. Their way, generally, wound along a pleasant valley, unbroken for several miles, until you came to Big-knob, a huge crag which completely divides it, rising formidably up in the midst, and narrowing the valley on either hand to a fissure, necessarily compelling a closer

march for all parties than had heretofore been pursued. Straggling about as they had been, of course but little order was perceptible when they came together, in little groups, where the mountain forced their junction. One of the Bear tribe found himself along side a handful of the Foxes, and a chief of the Alligators plunged promiscuously into the centre of a cluster of the Turkey tribe, whose own chief was probably doing the proper courtesies among the Alligators. These little crossings, however, were amusing rather than annoying, and were, generally, productive of little inconvenience, and no strife. But it so happened, there was one exception to the accustomed harmony. The Occonies and Estatoees, like the rest, had broken up in small parties, and as might have been foreseen, when they came individually to where the crag divided the valley into two, some took the one and some the other hand, and it was not until one of the paths they had taken opened into a little plain in which the woods were bald — a sort of prairie — that a party of seven Occonies discovered that they had among them two of their detested rivals, the Little Estatoees. What made the matter worse, one of these stragglers was the ill-fated warrior who had been chosen to carry the badge of his tribe ; and there,

high above their heads — the heads of the Brown Vipers — floated that detestable symbol, the green bird itself.

“There was no standing that. The Brown Vipers, as if with a common instinct, were immediately up in arms. They grappled the offending stragglers without gloves. They tore the green bird from the pole, stamped it under foot, smeared it in the mud, and pulling out the cone-tuft of its head, utterly degraded it in their own as well as in the estimation of the Estatoees. Not content with this, they hung the desecrated emblem about the neck of the bearer of it, and, spite of all their struggles, binding the arms of the two stragglers behind their backs, the relentless Vipers thrust the long pole which had borne the bird, in such a manner between their alternate arms as effectually to bind them together. In this manner, amidst taunts, blows, and revilings, they were left in the valley to get on as they might, while their enemies, insolent enough with exultation, proceeded to join the rest of their party.

VIII.

“ An hundred canoes were ready on the banks of the river Sarratay, for the conveyance to the opposite shore of the assembled Cherokees. And down they came, warrior after warrior, tribe after tribe, emblem after emblem, descending from the crags around in various order, and hurrying all with shouts and whoops and songs, grotesquely leaping to the river's bank, like so many boys just let out of school. Hilarity is, indeed, the life of nature ! Civilization refines the one at the expense of the other, and then it is that no human luxury or sport, as known in society, stimulates appetite for any length of time. We can only laugh in the woods — society suffers but a smile, and desperate sanctity, with the countenance of a crow, frowns even at that.

“ But down, around, and gathering from every side, they came — the tens and the twenties of the several tribes of Cherokee. Grouped along the banks of the river, were the boats assigned to each. Some, already filled, were sporting in every direction over the clear bosom of that beautiful water. Moitoy himself, at the head of the

tribe of Nequassée, from which he came, had already embarked ; while the venerable Attakulla, with Jocassée, the gentle, sat upon a little bank in the neighborhood of the Occony boats, awaiting the arrival of Cheochee and his party. And why came they not ? One after another of the several tribes had filled their boats, and were either on the river or across it. But two clusters of canoes yet remained, and they were those of the rival tribes — a green bird flaunted over the one, and a brown viper, in many folds, was twined about the pole of the other.

“ There was sufficient reason why they came not. The strife had begun ; — for, when gathering his thirteen warriors in a little hollow at the termination of the valley through which they came, Nagoochie beheld the slow and painful approach of the two stragglers upon whom the Occonies had so practised. When he saw the green bird — the beautiful emblem of his tribe — disfigured and defiled, there was no longer any measure or method in his madness. There was no longer a thought of Jocassée to keep him back ; and the feeling of ferocious indignation which filled his bosom was the common feeling with his brother warriors. They lay in wait for the coming of the Occonies, down at the foot of the Yellow Hill,

where the woods gathered green and thick. They were few—but half in number of their enemies—but they were strong in ardor, strong in justice, and even death was preferable to a longer endurance of that dishonor to which they had already been too long subjected. They beheld the approach of the Brown Vipers, as, one by one, they wound out from the gap of the mountain, with a fierce satisfaction. The two parties were now in sight of each other, and could not mistake the terms of their encounter. No word was spoken between them, but each began the scalp-song of his tribe, preparing at the same time his weapon, and advancing to the struggle.

“ ‘The green bird has a bill,’ sang the Estatoes; ‘and he flies like an arrow to his prey.’ ”

“ ‘The brown viper has poison and a fang,’ responded the Occonies; ‘and he lies under the net for his enemy.’ ”

“ ‘Give me to clutch the war-tuft,’ cried the leaders of each party, almost in the same breath. ”

“ ‘To taste the blood,’ cried another. ”

“ ‘And make my knife laugh in the heart that shrinks,’ sung another and another. ”

“ ‘I will put my foot on the heart,’ cried an Occony. ”

“ ‘I tear away the scalp,’ shouted an Estado, in ”

reply ; while a joint chorus from the two parties, promised —

“ ‘ A dog that runs, to the black spirit that sleeps in the swamp.’

“ ‘ *Echa-herro, echa-herro, echa-herro,*’ was the grand cry, or fearful warwhoop, which announced the moment of onset and the beginning of the strife.

IX.

“ The Oconies were not backward, though the affair was commenced by the Estatoees. Cheochee, their leader, was quite as brave as malignant, and now exulted in the near prospect of that sweet revenge for all the supposed wrongs and more certain rivalries which his tribe had suffered from the Green Birds. Nor was this more the feeling with him than with his tribe. Disposing themselves, therefore, in readiness to receive the assault, they rejoiced in the coming of a strife, in which, having many injuries to redress, they had the advantages, at the same time, of position and number.

“ But their fighting at disadvantage was not now a thought with the Little Estatoees. Their

blood was up, and like all usually patient people, once aroused, they were not so readily quieted. Nagoochie, the warrior now, and no longer the lover, led on the attack. You should have seen how that brave young chief went into battle — how he leapt up in air, slapped his hands upon his thighs in token of contempt for his foe, and throwing himself open before his enemies, dashed down his bow and arrows, and waving his hatchet, signified to them his desire for the conflict, *à l'outrance*, and, what would certainly make it so, hand to hand. The Oconies took him at his word, and throwing aside the long bow, they bounded out from their cover to meet their adversaries. Then should you have seen that meeting — that first rush — how they threw the tomahawk — how they flourished the knife — how the brave man rushed to the fierce embrace of his strong enemy — and how the two rolled along the hill in the teeth-binding struggle of death.

“The tomahawk of Nagoochie had wings and a tooth. It flew and bit in every direction. One after another, the Oconies went down before it, and still his fierce war cry of ‘*Echa-mal-Ocony*,’ preceding every stroke, announced another and another victim. They sank away from him like sheep before the wolf that is hungry, and the dis-

parity of force was not so great in favor of the Occonies, when we recollect that Nagoochie was against them. They were now, under his fierce valor, almost equal in number, and something more was necessary to be done by the Occonies before they could hope for that favorable result from the struggle which they had before looked upon as certain. It was for Cheochee now to seek out and to encounter the gallant young chief of Estato. Nagoochie, hitherto, for reasons best known to himself, had studiously avoided the leader of the Vipers; but he could no longer do so. He was contending, in close strife, with Okonettee, or the One Eyed — a stout warrior of the Vipers — as Cheochee approached him. In the next moment, the hatchet of Nagoochie entered the skull of Okonettee. The One-Eyed sunk to the ground, as if in supplication, and, seizing the legs of his conqueror, in spite of the repeated blows which descended from the deadly instrument, each of which was a death, while his head swam, and the blood filled his eyes, and his senses were fast fleeting, he held on with a death-grasp which nothing could compel him to forego. In this predicament, Cheochee confronted the young brave of Estato. The strife was short, for though Nagoochie fought as bravely as ever, yet he

struck in vain, while the dying wretch, grappling his legs, disordered, even by his convulsions, not less than by his efforts, every blow which the strong hand of Nagoochie sought to give. One arm was already disabled, and still the dying wretch held on to his legs. In another moment, the One-Eyed was seized by the last spasms of death, and in his struggles, he dragged the Estato chief to his knees. This was the fatal disadvantage. Before any of the Green Bird warriors could come to his succor, the blow was given, and Nagoochie lay under the knee of the Brown Viper. The knife was in his heart, and the life not yet gone, when the same instrument encircled his head, and his swimming vision could behold his own scalp waving in the grasp of his conqueror. The gallant spirit of Nagoochie passed away in a vain effort to utter his song of death—the song of a brave warrior conscious of many victories.

X.

“Jocassée looked up to the hills when she heard the fierce cry of the descending Vipers. Their joy was madness, for they had fought with—they had slain, the bravest of their enemies. The in-

toxication of tone which Cheochee exhibited, when he told the story of the strife, and announced his victory, went like a death-stroke to the heart of the maiden. But she said not a word — she uttered no complaint — she shed no tear — but, gliding quietly into the boat in which they were about to cross the river, she sat silent, gazing, with the fixedness of a marble statue, upon the still dripping scalp of her lover, as it dangled about the neck of his conqueror. On a sudden, just as they had reached the middle of the stream, she started, and her gaze was turned once more backward upon the banks they had left, as if, on a sudden, some object of interest had met her sight, — then, whether by accident or design, with look still intent in the same direction, she fell over the side, before they could save or prevent her, and was buried in the deep waters of Sarratay for ever. She rose not once to the surface. The stream, from that moment, lost the name of Sarratay, and both whites and Indians, to this day, know it only as the river of Jocassée. The girls of Cherokee, however, contend that she did not sink, but walking ‘the waters like a thing of life,’ that she rejoined Nagoochie, whom she saw beckoning to her from the shore. Nor is this the only tradition.

The story goes on to describe a beautiful lodge, one of the most select in the valley of Manneyto, the hunter of which is Nagoochie of the Green Bird, while the maiden who dresses his venison is certainly known as Jocassée."



THE CHEROKEE EMBASSAGE.

—————“ Where go these messengers —
These untamed lords of the forest, — whither speed
Their barks o'er ~~unknown~~ waters — to survey
What land of blue delight, what better shore,
More grateful ~~to~~ the hunter than the last ?”



THE

CHEROKEE EMBASSAGE.

It was deemed prudent, soon after the close of a trying war with the savages, to conciliate the Cherokee nation, then one of the largest in the colony ; and Sir Alexander Cumming, himself an ostentatious person, was fitly chosen for this purpose. Charged with proposals of alliance, and amply provided with gifts, more imposing than valuable, to the several leading chiefs and sages, this gentleman, in the beginning of the year 1730, set forth for the Apalachian mountains, in the neighborhood of which the principal towns of the Cherokees were situated. He was attended on this occasion, as well by several voluntary travellers, as by a numerous military retinue ; and no circumstance was omitted, of display or pomp, which could impress upon the abo-

rigines an idea of the vast power of that foreign potentate, whose representative was then to appear before them. Every expense called for by the deputation was cheerfully conceded on the part of the royal government, as the king well knew the great military strength of the people, whom it was the object to conciliate. The Cherokees inhabiting South Carolina at this time, were as numerous as they were brave. The inhabitants of thirty-seven regular towns, were computed to amount to twenty thousand. Of these, six thousand were bowmen, ready, on any emergency, to take the field. In addition to this force, which may be considered the regular force of the nation, the roving tribes were supposed to reach several thousand more; not so easy to be brought together, but, if possible, far more dangerous to an enemy when once collected, as, from their continual habit of wandering, they grew even fiercer than the wild beasts, in whose pursuit only they seemed to live.

It was some time before Sir Alexander reached Keowee, a distance of three hundred miles or more from Charleston. His way, for the most part, lay through a wilderness, seldom, if ever before, trodden by European footsteps. It was a dreary pilgrimage, and it was no small satisfaction to the English, when, as they attained the outskirts of the

Cherokee territory, the chiefs of the lower town, hearing of their approach, came forth to receive and to guide them still further on their way. *Eefistoe*, the chief of the Green Birds or Little Estatoes, Chulochkolla, the sachem of the Oconies, and Moitoy, the Black Warrior of Tellico, the most renowned of all their braves, thus joined the jaded cavalcade.

Sir Alexander Cumming hailed them with a flourish; and, having disposed of his retinue, before their approach, in such a manner as to show them to the best possible advantage, he was pleased to think that he had made a favorable impression. He was not deceived. The wondering savages — themselves ostentatiously decorated, according to their sylvan fashion, in all the rich plumage of their native birds, contrasted strangely with the hideous paint, and rugged skins, which formed so large a part of their ceremonial equipment — were nevertheless overcome by the more imposing splendors of the deputation. The glittering armor — the gorgeous uniform of the English, shining in gold and scarlet — the lofty plumes — the plunging and richly caparisoned horses — together with the thrilling military music of an English band — all combined to overpower their imaginations, and to impress the deeply excited senses of the Chero-

kees; and though, like the Roman Fabricius, they were not to be surprised, and suffered neither awe nor irreverent curiosity to appear upon their faces, or in their gesticulation, they were all nevertheless strongly wrought upon by both these emotions.

Sir Alexander lost no time in securing the friendship of the chiefs, as they severally came forth to meet him. He received them in great state, and to each gave some particular present, so carefully chosen as to avoid all chance of showing a preference to any one, thus giving offence to the rest. This caution had its due results. The chiefs were all well satisfied, and Moitoy, the Black Warrior of Telliqual, not to be outdone in these respects, brought from Tennessee, the principal town of the nation, the crown of the Great Keowee, the old chief and reigning sovereign — a monarch too potent, according to his own and his people's estimation, to be even looked upon by strangers. The policy of the suspicious savage had much to do with this strange seclusion. His person, like that of Montezuma, was considered sacred, and a proper watch was maintained over it accordingly. Thus, though able to have annihilated the entire force under Cumming in a single effort, it was yet thought advisable to risk nothing, by the exposure of a commodity so susceptible to injury as a reign-

ing sovereign ; and with the first annunciation, therefore, of the approach of the English, Keowee, a decrepid and almost blind old man, was hurried bodily away from the contiguous country, more deeply than before into the thick forests, and among the impassable barriers of rock, which girdled in and covered their extended territory. To Moitoy, and the other chiefs or kings, was entrusted the task of receiving and providing for the strangers ; and, to do them all justice, the reception was such as became a brave and honorable people. The fruits and flesh, the maize and provisions, to which they were themselves accustomed, were all freely provided ; and five eagle tails, and four scalps from slaughtered enemies, were also among the presents brought by Moitoy. These had a signification which, through the interpreter, the dusky warriors explained to the satisfaction of their European visitors. The feathers of the eagle marked the strength and the glory alike of Cherokee, and the scalp of their enemies announced the unerring certainty of Cherokee victory and vengeance. These were presented to the English, in token that henceforward their course should be trodden on the same war path, in close affinity, and against the same enemies.

Thirty-two chiefs, each paramount with his own tribe and section, appeared at the solemn council which followed. A great deal of pompous talk was uttered, and Moitoy of Tellico, the Black Warrior, found such high favor with Sir Alexander, that he nominated him as the commander-in-chief of the Cherokee armies, and presented him with a rich robe as a badge of his new office. The chiefs present agreed to recognise him as such, provided that there should be a like accountability to him; (Sir Alexander,) on the part of Moitoy. Every thing went on amicably, and, emboldened by the friendly disposition which the savages evinced, the English ambassador proposed that some of them should accompany him to England, in order, with their own eyes, to behold that great king, of whom he had given them a most flaming description.

"Your brother, King George," said he, in a speech which was well remembered by the attentive chiefs, "will be glad to see you. He will load you with presents, with hatchets and knives, with rich clothes, and beautiful feathers. He will bind you to his heart with a bright gold chain, which will last unbroken for a thousand years."

"He is our brother," replied the chiefs with one

voice, dazzled by the glorious promise — “he is our brother — we will go to our brother George.”

There was no difficulty in getting the proposed deputation ; the only difficulty, indeed, was in making a selection from the number of those offering. Unconscious of the length of the voyage, of its dangers, and the new and unaccustomed scenes and circumstances through which they would have to go before realizing the prospects set before them, the simple savages, each a king in his own country, were readily persuaded to undertake the embassy which promised them so much enjoyment. The gold and the glitter — the fine armor like that which Sir Alexander wore — the pomp and the display, which, through the interpreter, the Englishman dwelt upon in the most glowing language — were irresistible ; and, full of the splendors of their brother George, they threw the bear skins about their shoulders, filled their quivers with fresh arrows from the canebrake, and kissing the sunny side, one after the other, of the broad tree that covered them during the progress of the council, they bade their farewell to the green forests, and the wild free country, their eyes might never again behold.

Six of them accompanied Sir Alexander to Charleston, and thence, having been there joined

by another chief who followed them after a brief delay, they embarked with him for Europe. The eldest of these chiefs, or kings, was Tonestoi, prince of Nequassée, a once formidable, but now decayed warrior, and a good old man. He was renowned among the Cherokees for his wisdom. The next in order was the famous orator, Skiajagustha—a man whose eloquence performed wonders in the councils of his people, and of whose speeches, some occur upon our own historical records, not unworthy to appear in any collection. Next came Chulockholla, another orator, neither so old nor so well renowned as Skiajagustha. The chief of the Occonies, or Brown Vipers, Cenestee, was the fourth of this delegation—a chief only remarkable for the reckless audacity of his valor. The fifth was a gallant young warrior of the Little Estatoees, or Green Birds, Ee-fistoe—a warrior intelligent as valiant, and not any thing less amiable because of his acknowledged bravery. Occonostota made the sixth. He was the king of Echotee, and could himself bring three hundred warriors into the field; but he was something of a tyrant, and was deposed the very year after his return from Europe. The seventh, who joined the deputation in Charleston, was a chief also, but

his name does not appear in our history. He was probably of no great renown.

These were the Cherokee kings, who, consenting to the invitation of Sir Alexander Cumming, sailed with him in the *Swallow Packet*, for London, some time in the month of May, 1730. Seduced by the glowing pictures spread before their minds by the English agent, full of expectation, and flushed with the promise of so many novelties, the wild men of the woods, wrapped in their hunter garbs, gorgeously covered with fresh paint, and armed to the teeth, after the fashion of their people, fearlessly went on board the little vessel that awaited them, and, with favoring breezes, were soon lost to the sight of land, and plunging steadily over the bosom of the Atlantic.

The sea — a new element to the Cherokees — exacted its dues, and it was not many hours before the warriors grew heartily sick of their unusual undertaking. Much would they have given to be once more in their native forests, but they were too brave, and too well taught in the stoical morality of the savage, to confess to any such weakness. They had long before learned, that, to conquer, it is first necessary that we should bear with, our fate, and they withstood, accordingly, as well as they could, the storms and the tossings of the waters, in

a manner by no means discrediting their creed or nation. They grew, in a little time, familiar with their new abiding place, and, as the initial sickness passed away, soon began to contemplate, with comparative steadiness and a growing appreciation, all the various objects and aspects of their new domain.

All was strange — all was wonderful around them. Their own complete isolation — the absence of the woods and wilds to which only they had been accustomed — their initiation into a world so new and strange, as to them was that of ocean — the singular buoyancy of their ship — the astonishing agility of the seamen, moving about with ease and dexterity, where they could scarcely maintain the most uncertain foot-hold — these were all matters of profound astonishment and curiosity. But these were all as nothing, after the first blush of novelty had passed away, in comparison with the queer tricks and uncouth antics of one of the ship's company. This was no less than a monkey, belonging to one of the sailors, named Jacko — a creature of habitual trick and mimicry, continually provoked to its exercise by some one or other of the seamen. He ran along the ropes and rigging in pursuit of them. He mounted the spars, and sat in uncouth shapes in the most dangerous

places. He carried off the caps of the sailors, then pelted them down upon those who walked the deck. In short, nothing in the semblance of mischief was omitted by Jacko. Tonestoi, the venerable elder of the Indian chiefs, was absolutely ravished by the tricks of the sportive monkey. He had no thought for any other object than Jacko. He watched his movements by the hour, provoked their exercise by continual stimulating affronts, and laughed, in despite of the grave looks of his brother chiefs, as immoderately as if such had been his continual practice. Tonestoi was an ancient chief, renowned as much for wisdom as for valor, and he presumed upon his reputation. He therefore gave vent to his merriment without any fear of losing either his own or the general respect of his people. The other chiefs, who were all younger, were either differently situated in rank, or were not altogether so secure in the estimation of their people; and, though equally delighted with Tonestoi, were yet prudent enough to preserve a greater degree of gravity. They looked on with composure; and, while watching closely all the sports of Jacko, they yet forebore to take any part in the merriment. But the old chief had no such scruples, and his laughter was without reserve. He played with Jacko like a child — rolled with him about the

decks — hallooed him on to all manner of mischief — clapped his hands and cheered him in his performance, and then, in his own language, pronounced a high eulogy upon his achievements. He called him “Hickisiwackinaw,” or “the warrior with a tail;” and at length, when he saw Jacko swing by his hind legs from a rope, and, with his paws, grapple and take fast hold upon the bushy poll of one of the sailors as he walked beneath, he called him “Toostenugga,” after the celebrated leader of the Cherokee hobgoblins — — this being one of the favorite modes by which Toostenugga, suspending himself from a tree, laid hold of, and punished, those who offended him, as they walked beneath. Nothing could divert the attention of Tonestoi from the monkey. Sir Alexander Cumming, whose sense of dignity was greatly outraged by such unbecoming levity, tried his best to attract the mind of the Cherokee to more dignified amusements; and, in his vexation, was with difficulty restrained from tumbling Jacko overboard, hopeless of any other means of obtaining his object. He made a show of anger towards the monkey, but, upon beholding the sudden gravity of Tonestoi as he comprehended this design, he thought it only wise to forbear, as it was his policy, as well as his orders, to avoid all manner

of offence. His dernier resort then was in his liquors, and once made acquainted with their potency, the old chief, Tonestoi, was soon taught to prefer the intoxicating cup to the antics of his more innocent companion. Jacko, or, as he called him to the last, Toostenugga, ceased to attract so much of his attention, and, to the shame of all parties be it said, the good old warrior, after this, had scarcely a sober hour until they reached the haven of their destination.

Their arrival in London was the signal for much bustle and exhibition. Apart from the desire to impose greatly on their senses by shows and splendors, to which, in their wild abodes, they had never been accustomed, the better to acquire dominion over them, they received a thousand attentions as the last new lions in the metropolis. Lords and ladies thronged the hotel at which the Cherokee kings were lodged, and the beautiful squaws of London, as was more recently the case in our own country, submitted joyfully to the salute of the Indian warriors for the sake of its novelty. Feasts were given them in profusion — frolics conceived on purpose to make them actors ; and from the day of their arrival to that of their departure, all was uproar and exultation. In all these junkettings, it need scarcely be said that our Cherokees preserved

happily their usual equanimity of character. They were grave and composed, and behaved, for all the world, as if they had been accustomed all their lives to such honors and indulgences. Tonestoi, alone, of all the deputation, gave way to the garrulous good humor of the aged man. He laughed and joked freely with his visitors, and nothing gave him such profound pleasure as when his great cheek bones and painted lips came in contact with the velvety skin of his lady visitors. Never had Cherokee warrior so given way before to all the practices, and so many of the evidences, of *la belle passion*. So much was this the case, that his more youthful companions began to have doubts as to the tenacity of that superior wisdom in the ancient chief which had been a proverb in his own country.

But if the general acquaintance with the Indians, and their usual deportment, prevailed with and gave satisfaction to the English nobility, their conduct in the interview with the king completed the merriment, and furnished a fitting climax to the whole proceeding. Seized somewhat with the spirit of the fashion in reference to them, and desirous of securing, by a proper policy, the affections of these people, the British monarch desired, and determined to do them particular honor. An

especial drawing-room was appointed them, and, in the presence of a most brilliant and imposing assemblage, he prepared to receive his distinguished visitors. Sir Alexander Cumming, who had the chiefs in charge, attempted, before going to court, to give them certain instructions as to their behavior in the presence of majesty ; but they either did not, or would not, understand him. They comprehended sufficiently his object, however, and the native pride of an aboriginal chief rose in arms at his suggestion. Skiajagustha, the orator, was the first to take fire at what seemed an indignity: Wrapping his bear skin around him with a majesty which George himself, in all his career, and with the best teachers, never could have emulated, he looked scornfully upon his would-be tutor, while he replied :

“Skiajagustha is the great mouth of Cherokee — he has stood before his nation when Keowee, the red arrow, was there. His words are good.”

The interpreter explained ; but, as similar sentiments were uttered by nearly all the party, Sir Alexander saw that it would not only be idle, but most probably offensive, were he to endeavor to teach them farther. As they approached the chair of state, in which sat the monarch, the aged Tonestoi took the advance. The king rose as he

drew nigh, and came forward, extending his hand for the usual salute, as he did so, to the approaching Indian. But Tonestoi, remembering his own dignity, and what had been said to him on the score of the relationship between them, prior to his leaving his own country, to the great horror of the courtiers, and of Sir Alexander Cumming in particular, grasped the extended hand of the English monarch with his own, and, giving it a squeeze that none but a bear could well have equalled, shook it heartily and long, exclaiming, in the few words of courtesy which he had committed in broken English,

“Huddye-do, Broder George — huddye-do — glad to see you” — and, continuing with a smile as he looked round upon the women — “You got plenty squaws.”

The court was convulsed and shocked beyond measure. All were astounded except the king himself, and the savages. George, with his usual good nature, withdrawing his hand, though with some difficulty, from the powerful gripe of his brother monarch, smiled pleasantly, and, amused with the familiarity, responded in similar style, giving the cue to those around him. Nothing then could exceed the hilarity with which the business of the conference was carried on and finished. The

kings made long speeches through the interpreters, satisfactory on all sides, and a treaty of alliance was then and there agreed upon between them, to be valid and binding upon the Cherokees and English in America, as they were avowed to be so by both parties present then in England.

We quote portions of this treaty, as it not only presents us with much of the eloquence employed by the several contracting parties, but also gives us some idea of the various topics of trade and communion, rendering such a treaty between people so dissimilar essential to the mutual good. It will be found, however, that the performance of duties devolves much more frequently upon the Indian than upon the white man, and that his rewards, estimated by our standards of use and value, are quite inadequate to the services required at their hands. Doubtless, however, they were such as were best calculated for the uninstructed savage.

The preamble to this treaty recites,

“That whereas the six chiefs, [without naming them, and without any reference to the chief who unquestionably joined the embassy at Charleston, when about to sail,] with the consent of the whole nation of Cherokees, at a general meeting of their nation at Nequassée, were deputed by Moitoy, their chief warrior, to attend Sir Alexander Cum-

ming to Great Britain, where they had seen the great king George, and where Sir Alexander, by authority from Moitoy and all the Cherokees, had laid the crown of their nation, with the scalps of their enemies, and feathers of glory, at his majesty's feet, as a pledge of their loyalty ; — and whereas the great king has instructed the lords commissioners of trade and plantations, to inform the Indians, that the English on all sides of the mountains and lakes, were his people, **their friends his friends, their enemies his enemies ; that he took it kindly that the great nation of Cherokee had sent them so far to brighten the chain of friendship between him and them, and between his people and their people ; that the chain of friendship between him and the Cherokee is now like the sun, which shines both in Britain and upon the great mountains where they live, and equally warms the hearts of Indians and Englishmen ; that, as there is no spot or blackness in the sun, so neither is there any rust or foulness on this chain ; and, as the king has fastened one end to his breast, [suitsing the action to the word, in George's best and bluffest style,] he desired them to carry the other end of the chain and fasten it to the breast of Moitoy, of Telliquo, and to the breasts of all their**

wise old men, their captains and people, never more to be made loose or broken.

“The great king and the Cherokees being thus fastened together by a chain of friendship, he has ordered, and it is agreed, that his children in Carolina do trade with the Indians, and furnish them with all manner of goods they want, and to make haste to build houses and plant corn from Charleston towards the towns of the Cherokees behind the great mountains. [Vague enough, and, like most treaties with the Indians, carried on through dishonest or imperfect interpreters, not understood by one of the parties, and a frequent source of mischief afterwards.] That he desires the English and Indians may live together as children of one family—that the Cherokees be always ready to fight against any nation, whether white men or Indians, who shall molest or hurt the English—that the nation of the Cherokee shall, on its part, take care to keep the trading path clean—that there be no blood on the path which the English tread, *even though they should be accompanied with other people with whom the Cherokees may be at war*—[what an exaction—how is it possible that the Cherokees should have understood this charge, or, understanding, that they should have complied with it?]*—that the Cherokees shall not suffer their*

people to trade with white men of any other nation but the English — [here is monopoly with a vengeance!] — nor permit, [mark this,] nor permit white men of any other nation to build any forts or cabins, or plant any corn among them, upon lands which belong to the great king."

Such was the morality of these selfish traders. They actually excluded the savages from the exercise of those wonted rites of hospitality to white men, and to christians like themselves, (for the French and Spaniards were contemplated by this clause,) which the Cherokees had freely accorded to the British, and which they must otherwise have extended freely to all others. The treaty goes on to provide, that, if any such attempt shall be made by the white men of any other than the British nation, the Cherokees must not only acquaint the British government of the fact, but must do whatever he directs, in order to maintain and defend the "great king's right to the country of Carolina." The treaty further provides, "that if any negroes shall run away into the woods from their English masters, the Cherokees shall endeavor to apprehend them, and bring them to the plantation from whence they ran, or to the governor."

Hitherto the contract has been all on one side, and the English king has never said "Turkey,"

once, to his Cherokee brother ; but, at this stage of the treaty, he seems to have recollected himself, and, accordingly, we find him promising, that, "for every slave so apprehended and brought back, the Indian that brings him shall receive a gun and a watch coat ; and *if, by any accident,* it shall happen that an Englishman shall kill a Cherokee, [an event only possible, it seems,] the king or chief of the nation shall first complain to the English governor, and the man who did the harm shall be punished by the *English laws* as if he had killed an Englishman ; and, in like manner, if any Indian happens to kill [by any accident is entirely wanting here] an Englishman, the Indian shall be delivered up to the governor, to be punished by the same English laws as if he were an Englishman."

This was the substance of the first treaty between the British and the Cherokee nation ; and a precious specimen it is, of cunning beguiling simplicity, and of unfair relationship between parties originally contracting on an equal footing of advantage. The Cherokee chiefs heard it first from the lips of George, who paused at every sentence, and, as the interpreter explained it, clause by clause, a nobleman presented to the expecting chiefs a rich present of cloths or ornaments.

When the king had got through his task, he suddenly withdrew through a private door, glad to escape any farther embrace from his Cherokee brethren. The farther business of the treaty was then concluded by Alured Popple, secretary to the lords commissioners of trade and plantations, on the one side, and by the marks of the Indian chiefs on the other. The secretary, at the same time, addressed them in a speech confirming the words of the great king whom they had just seen; and, as a token that his heart was true and open to the Cherokees, a belt was given the warriors, which the king desired them to show to their children and children's children, to confirm what was now spoken, and to bind this agreement of peace and friendship between the English and the Cherokees, "as long as the rivers shall run, the mountains shall stand, or the sun shall shine."

Such was the glowing termination of the secretary's speech. When he had concluded, the old chief Tonestoi gave way to Skisjagustha, the famous orator, who seemed to know his own claims to reply for the rest. Gathering his robe over his left shoulder, so as entirely to free the right arm, he began his reply, the greater portion of which is preserved as follows. It will be found to contain

quite as much good sense, dignity, and beauty, as was called for by the occasion :

“ We are come hither from the mountains, where there is nothing but darkness. But we are now in a place of light. We see the great king in you—we love you as you stand here for him. We shall die in this thought. The crown of Cherokee is not like that in the tower ; but, to us, they are the same—the chain shall be carried to our people. The great king George is the sun—he is our father—the Cherokees are his children. Though we are red and you are white—yet our hearts and hands are tied together. We shall say to our people what we have seen, and our children shall remember it. In war we will be one with you—your enemies shall be ours—we shall live together as one people—we shall die together. We are naked and poor as the worms that crawl—but you have all things. We that have nothing must love you. We will never break the chain that is between us. This small rope we show you is all that we have to bind our slaves—You have chains of iron for yours. We will catch your slave that flies—we will bind him as strongly as we can, and we shall take no pay when we bring him back to you. Your people shall build near ours in safety. The Cherokee shall hurt them

not — he shall hurt nothing that belongs to them. Are we not children of one father — shall we not live and die together ?”

Here he paused, and one of the other chiefs coming forward at a signal from the speaker, presented him with a bunch of eagle feathers. Taking them in his hand, Skiajagustha presented them to the secretary with these words :

“ This is our way of talking, which is the same thing to us as your letters in the book to you. These feathers, from the strong bird of Cherokee — these shall be witnesses for the truth of what I have said.”

Thus discoursing eloquently together, the parties contracted to their mutual satisfaction, and however unequal were the general advantages obtained, there was certainly no dissatisfaction expressed among them. The terms were agreed upon without discontent or difficulty, and it will not be premature or anticipative, in this stage of our narration, to say, in the language of the historian, Ramsay, that in consequence of this treaty, the Cherokees, for many years after, remained in “ a state of perfect friendship and peace with the colonists, who followed their various employments in the neighborhood of these Indians, without the least terror or molestation.”

But the nine days' wonder was now over in the British metropolis. The Indian chiefs began to lose their importance in the sight of their European brethren. Some new monster soon occupied their place, and Sir Alexander Cumming being now prepared to return to Carolina, and the vessel ready to depart, they had little reluctance at leaving a land, where, though every kindness and courtesy had been shown them, they had found so few objects and features at all like or kindred with their own. They set sail from England on the 23d September, 1730, and, under favoring aspects of wind and weather, were soon out upon the comprehensive world and void of ocean.

But the second voyage was more tedious to the chiefs than the first. That had novelty to recommend it — the strange mass of all objects at sea, relieved, in the first instance, its general monotony. But the second brought all this home to them; and, what added to their dulness still more, was the absence of Jacko — the monkey was no longer one of their fellow passengers. The sailor who owned, had sold him, while in London, and nothing could exceed the dissatisfaction of old Tonestoi, on hearing of the circumstance. The first thing he did on coming aboard the vessel, was to call aloud for Toostenugga. But he called in

vain, and was with difficulty made to understand, that his goblin acquaintance was left behind them. He refused consolation, and chafed and almost quarrelled with those who offered it. He drank with Sir Alexander Cumming; but that was all, in the way of relief or amusement, that he could be persuaded to do. In a state of moody absence, as soon as his fit of sea sickness was well over, he roamed about the ship, tumbling from side to side, and, in his own language, muttering continually of Toostenugga. Dreadfully, indeed, did he suffer from blue devils, and, in this mood, shooting with his arrows wantonly at little spots in the sails, he soon exhausted all his quiver, as the flying shafts would generally, after a few discharges, find their way into the bosom of the ocean. The other, and younger, chiefs bore the voyage with far more philosophy than their ancient comrade; and with that aptness which belongs to man in all situations, and which we have erringly denied to the Aborigines, they, at length, began to accommodate themselves to the novel employments of the sea. Skiajagustha, the great orator himself, was the first to set an example of this discipline. He seized upon the ropes on one occasion, and began to tug away lustily along with the sailors. His companions followed him, all but old Tonestoi,

and, from a sport at first, it grew to be a common resort for exercise among them. Sir Alexander Cumming, however, thought such practices unbecoming in those who had royal blood in their veins ; but, as there was no alternative, he could suggest no objection. To Tonestoi, alone, he could address himself; and, as the old chief took no part in the amusements of his companions, he was the more ready to sit gloomily and gravely over the lengthened glass with the Englishman. But his ennui continued to increase, and, at length, to the great consternation of Sir Alexander, the poor savage grew sick, and his free habit of drinking only made him worse. The liquor was then withdrawn from him; and this seemed to increase his malady. The attack was a very severe one, and, unhappily, but few precautions had been taken against such an occasion. There were scarcely any medicines on board ; and even these, the old chief, with all the fretful obstinacy of a spoiled child, could not be persuaded to take. Day by day he grew worse, and it now became evident to all that the danger was alarming. The younger chiefs assembled about him, and Sir Alexander, with deep concern, strove, through them, to persuade him to the adoption of those remedies which he proposed. He resolutely rejected all their

suggestions, and tossing about in his fever, from side to side, he exhibited a feeble peevishness to all around him — his own people not excepted. Several days passed over in this manner, and it was evident to all that he had sunk amazingly. At this stage of his illness, and while he was chafing querulously with all of them, Skiajagustha approached him where he lay. The brow of the orator was stern and full of rebuke, and the first words which he uttered, in his own sweet but solemn and emphatic language, rivetted the attention of the dying warrior. He ceased to tumble upon his couch — he ceased to chafe and chide those about him. The appeal of Skiajagustha had been made to his manhood — to his sense of the dignity and the courage of a brave of Cherokee:

“Shall Tonestoi go to the Manneyto with the word of a child on his tongue? Shall he say to the Master of Life, wherefore hast thou called me? The brave man has another spirit when the dark spirit wraps him.

“Tonestoi — it is the word of the Cherokee — is a brave among the braves. He has taken scalps from the light-heeled Catawba — he has taken scalps from the cunning Shawanese — he has taken scalps from the Creek warrior that rages — he has taken scalps from all the enemies of Cherokee.

He should have a song for his victories, that the Great Manneyto shall be glad to receive him."

"Achichai-me!" cried Tonestoi in reply—and, in his own language, proceeded as follows :

"It is good, Skiajagustha—it is good what thou hast spoken. But I heard not before the words of the Great Manneyto. I hear them through thee. He has called me—I hear him speaking in the heart of Tonestoi—I am going to the land of spirits—to the plum groves where my fathers journey on the long hunt. I am not afraid to go. The Master of Life knows I am ready."

"Ha! ha!" he sang a moment after—

"Ha! ha! I laugh at my enemies. The Catwaba could not take the scalp—he could not drink blood from Tonestoi. Ha! ha! *That* for the Shawanee—*that* for the *Creek* that rages—*that* for all the enemies of Cherokee. The Master of Life only can kill, and Tonestoi is ready for him.

"Bring me arrows, Skiajagustha—bring me arrows, young Ee-fistoe of the Green Birds—bring me arrows, young braves of Cherokee—the arrows shall speak for my victories."

They brought him arrows at his request, and he separated the bundles, laying each shaft by itself. The younger chiefs curiously gathered around

him, as they well knew they were now to hear a chronicle of his own and his country's achievements; and for every arrow, he had the story of some brave adventure — some daring deed. One of them stood for his first battle with the Chickasaw, when, yet a mere boy, he went forth with his old father, Canonjahee, on the war path against that subtle nation. Another arrow was made to signify his escape from a band of roving Shawanese who had made him a prisoner while hunting; a third told the affair with the Creeks, for his bravery in which his countrymen had made him a chief — feather chief and arrow chief; a fourth recounted his long personal combat with Sarratahay of Santee, the big boned chief from that river, who had come up on purpose to contend with him, at the lower town of Chinebee. Tonestoi was the victor after a long struggle, and this he dwelt upon the most emphatically of all his victories. And so, with a dozen other events, he associated the arrows. For an hour his strain proceeded, and the Indians listened with unrelaxing attention. Sir Alexander Cumming, apprised of the nature of the scene, hung over the dying chief with the deepest interest; and even the sailors, several of them came as nigh to listen as they well might

without manifest impropriety. The old man lay silent for some time after his song was ended. But his chosen arrows had all been carefully gathered up by Skiajagustha, who tied them closely together with the sinews of the deer. Towards evening the chief grew much weaker, and he muttered fitfully, and started every now and then like one from sleep. When the sun was about to set, its faint delicate light streamed through the little aperture in the cabin just where the dying man lay. He started and strove to raise himself up to behold the orb now sinking like himself. But failing to do this, he only raised his right hand and waved it towards the bright object which he could not see. Skiajagustha bent towards him, and uttered two or three words in his own language, at which all the other chiefs rose and bent over him. Tonestoi gave each of them a look of recognition, and, while muttering a brief sentence, probably one of parting, his lower jaw suddenly dropped, then caught up as in a spasm, then as suddenly again relaxed and fell, never again to move. The light grew dim in the eyes which yet opened upon the spectators.

Skiajagustha laid the bunch of arrows upon the breast of Tonestoi, where they remained until the

next day, when his body was committed to the deep. They were then carefully preserved by the survivors, as witnesses of the whole transaction, and received as such by the people. They form one of the tokens of Cherokee valor, and are preserved to this very hour, among the trophies of the nation.

THE END.

3-
JW

7

1

2

